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THE MONKEYFOLK OF SOUTH AFRICA

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE SNAKES OF SOUTH AFRICA

THEIR VENOM AND THE TREATMENT
OF SNAKE BITE

Extensively Revised, Second Edition

THE AUTHOR.

THE MONKEYFOLK OF SOUTH AFRICA

BY

F. W. FITZSIMONS, F.Z.S., Etc.

DIRECTOR, PORT ELIZABETH MUSEUM

AUTHOR OF "THE SNAKES OF SOUTH AFRICA: THEIR VENOM AND THE TREATMENT OF SNAKE BITE"

WITH 60 ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

This book is the first of a series which I hope in due time to have published.

The monkeys are at the head of the sub-human animal kingdom, so I have taken them first.

Each group of animals will be dealt with in turn, until a complete history of the animals of South Africa has been produced.

This volume is written mostly in the form of anecdotes. The animals are made to tell their own stories.

By adopting this style I hope to interest the minds of our boys and girls, and at the same time to present all that is known to science about the ways and habits of the animals of South Africa.

I have been encouraged to do this by the large measure of success which attended such efforts in the past, in connection with the literary and lecturing departments of my work as a museum director. In the degree that a writer is able to interest the mind of the reader, so just in that degree will he succeed in impressing the cells of the grey matter of the brain. Unless the teacher succeed in arousing the intelligent interest of his pupil, he can make but little headway.

I am a strong advocate of books being written in simple language, because they are then easily comprehended by

learned men and women, as well as the most ignorant schoolboy or girl.

The reason, probably, why scientific knowledge is so distasteful to the general public is that it is usually presented, either verbally or in books, in a form so complex and involved that it is not readily understood, and therefore fails to interest the public mind. I think that if our boys and girls can be taught to take a real live interest in the Creator's handiwork, they will grow up truly and genuinely reverent.

Nearly, if not all the ideas which have led to discoveries have been gained by the observation and study of the marvellous works of God upon the world, and in the heavens.

In the degree that we profited by such study, so in that degree have we risen superior to the adverse forces which threatened to overwhelm us.

This world is a great book—the Book of Nature. In its bosom is stored up the history of the past. Upon its surface are the results of that wonderful law through which God perfects His works. We term it the law of Evolution.

It is necessary for the moral, spiritual, and physical health that the individual should take up the intelligent study of some mind-developing subject, apart from the ordinary routine of life. The man or woman who is wholly absorbed in his or her trade or profession becomes, in time, incapable of taking an intelligent interest in anything else. Such people become mentally dwarfed. The human brain is very complex, and unless the various parts are systematically exercised, they become more or less atrophied, as do those muscles which are rarely, if ever, used.

I wish it distinctly understood that this volume is a book

of fact, the style adopted being solely with the object of trying to "sugar-coat" the facts, and thus make them more presentable to young readers.

My excuse for writing the book is that I am keenly interested in the natural history of South Africa, having devoted all my life, so far, to it. I shall feel well repaid if I am able to stimulate the minds of some of our boys and girls to take an intelligent interest in the creatures of mountain, veld, forest, and stream.

The pictures in this book, except where otherwise stated, are from photographs of the animals in their natural habitats.

THE AUTHOR.

PORT ELIZABETH MUSEUM,
PORT ELIZABETH, CAPE COLONY,
December 1910.

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THE MONKEYFOLK OF SOUTH AFRICA

CHAPTER I

STORY OF A VETERAN OF THE BABOONFOLK

I AM a grandfather old and grey. My people are known as Chacma or Cape Baboons. The Dutch people call us Baviaanen. Scientific fellows know us by the classic-sounding name of *Papio porcarius*. We have lived in South Africa for untold ages. There are legends in our family which incline us to believe that our people have lived for hundreds of thousands of years amongst the krantzes and the stony hills of beautiful, sunny South Africa.

What happy times my forefathers must have had when there were only the leopard, the cheetah, the lion, and the python to fear. To-day we live in hourly dread of you humanfolk.

Hundreds of years ago, and perhaps a good many thousands of years, according to baboon legends, my ancestors got a terrible fright. They had begun to look upon the krantzes, the caves, the broad veld, the wild berries, fruits, herbs, roots, honey, and all the other things which are good to eat, as their own particular property, when behold! a horde of curious little people came from somewhere—goodness knows where. Anyway, they came down from the north.

Scientific men think they first of all came from the caves of Asia, and by degrees were driven farther and farther south by stronger folk, until their advance guard suddenly appeared in our land.

PIGMIES

These interlopers were not of our race. No, they were different in shape, although their habits were the same as ours. Your folk would say they were more intelligent, and belonged to the human family. Well, anyhow they very soon made us acknowledge them our masters. These little fellows were brownish-yellow. Their noses were flat, so that if you put a plank against their faces, it would touch their foreheads, noses, and chins, all at the same time. Their heads were covered with little knobs of wool, curled tightly, and looked like pepper-corns stuck all over their skulls. They had little beady black eyes like ours, and their mouths were as big as ours too, only their lips were thicker. They walked upright, and when it was cold wore the skins of the different kinds of wild creatures sewn together with sinews. These cloaks are called karosses.

A COUNCIL OF WAR WAS HELD

Our people gathered together and held ever so many Councils of War. We first tried to frighten these little people away by barking at them, and pretending to be very fierce, but they didn't seem to fear us much. Then we decided to attack them in great force. We organised our attack, and made a sudden onslaught, making all the noise we possibly could. Our enemies scattered in all directions. Some climbed trees, and others hid behind rocks on the hillside. Thinking we had terrified them, we rushed recklessly forward. Then, from here, there, everywhere, little things

Photo: A. W. Rogers, Esq., M.A., D.Sc., Geological Commission

A very old Bushman and his wife standing beside an ordinary-sized white man. Their palatial dwelling is on the right. It is planted right out on the bleak, dry Karoo of the Cape Colony.

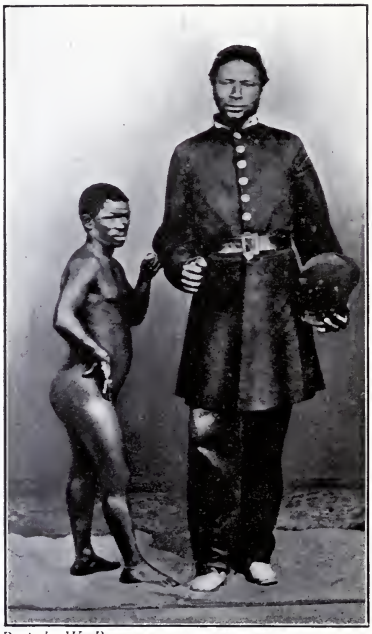


Photo by W. Roe

A pure-bred Bushman of middle age, standing beside a Kafir policeman, 6 ft. in height. The average size of these pigmy Bushmen or Bosjesmannen is—Men, 4 ft. 6 in.; Women, 4 ft. They are built in proportion to their height. The Bushmen are now nearly extinct.

you call arrows flew through the air and pierced the bodies of my people. Dazed and terrified, the baboons gathered around their shrieking friends and relatives. The arrows were weak little things, and didn't make very serious wounds. Again and again showers of these little darts sped forth. In the wildest terror my people rushed for the nearest krantz, but alas! all along the route, those who were wounded sank down and died in agony. Ninety-five out of a troop of 189 lost their lives in that combat, and only five of the enemy were killed. We learned afterwards that those little darts, which our enemies shot at us with bows, were tipped with deadly poison. They used to capture the fierce cobra and the sullen puff adder, and extract their venom. They mixed these with the juices of poisonous plants and certain insects, and smeared this death-dealing poison on their arrows.

THE PIGMIES ATTACKED US

These pigmy men, whom you know as Bosjesmannen or Bushmen, attacked us in our homes amongst the krantzes and rocky hills. We pushed and hurled stones down on them, and some of our strongest warriors had many hand-to-hand fights. Numbers on both sides were killed. But those dreadful poisoned arrows were too much for us, and we were driven from our dearly-beloved and cosy caves, which were then occupied by the pigmies. Often we tried to surprise them asleep, but you might as well have tried to catch a weasel sleeping. So we gave it up and went forth into the wilderness and sought out other homes. But they followed us up, and whenever we had secured a nice cosy cave, we were chased out. At last we decided to live away high up in the faces of the krantzes, which people in England call precipices. You see, we can climb almost anywhere, so we climbed up these giddy heights and made our homes there.

WONDERFUL STONES

Those Bushmen not only drove us from our homes and killed and ate us whenever they got the chance, but they actually took possession of our feeding-grounds; for it seems these Bushman people eat the same sort of food as we do. They dug up our roots and bulbs with sticks which had stone weights on them. These stone weights were wonderful things. They were hard, round boulders which the pigmies bored holes through. We often sat on ledges of rock and watched them patiently boring these stones. A Bushman would find a round, hard, water-worn rock, as big as a baby's head, in some river drift, and, with some flinty sand, a little water, and a bit of hard rock, would actually bore a round hole right through that stone. They bored it half-way through from one side, and then started at the other side. Day after day these fellows would sit on a rock out in the warm sun, boring away quite cheerfully. Sometimes it took a month, and even three to six months of daily work to bore one of these wonderful stones. Sometimes they tied them to the ends of sticks and threw them at us, just as David threw the stone which killed Goliath, only he threw it from a sling instead. In my young days I saw a Bushman cast one of these stones and hit a bushbuck in the ribs. The buck fell all of a heap, and the Bushman ran up and killed it with his kerrie, which is a stick with a big round knob at the end.

THEY STOLE OUR FOOD

These crafty pigmy men scoured the country and killed the antelopes and the ostriches with their poisoned arrows; but we didn't mind that, because we don't care much for flesh food. But they gathered the wild fruits, the berries,

The Honeyguide (*Indicator sparrmani*) who, with fluttering wings and impatient cries, leads the Bushmen and Hottentots to bees' nests.

Bushman Ring Stones. These vary in size from the bulk of an apple to that of a baby's head. They are water-worn pebbles, usually of hard, fire-formed rock, such as Dolerite. They are bored through the centre, half from one side, and half from the other. The boring tool is a cone-shaped bit of hard sedimentary rock. Flinty sand and water are used to aid in the boring process. The stone on the right is shown in section.

The bloodthirsty Leopard, who steals upon the monkeyfolk by day and by night. (After Brehm.)

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd

the nuts, and all the things which are dear to us baboons. Yes, and they even robbed us of our greatest dainty, which is the honey of wild bees. There is a wretched creature you call a honey guide, which is a little greyish bird. This insolent little fellow would go and flutter and chirp right in front of these Bushman pirates, who seemed to know all about bird language. Well, these little rascals would fly off from branch to branch as soon as the Bushman started to follow, and they would lead him to one of our bees' nests. The honey guide doesn't go to all this trouble just because he loves the Bushmen. It's because he loves the young bees in the honeycomb, which look like fat white grubs. You see, there was always a sort of understanding or compact between the birds and the Bushmen. When the robber Bushman got out the honey, he would leave a little for the bird.

OUR ENEMIES THE LEOPARDS

Another enemy we dread is the leopard. His tread is so soft, and he is so very cunning, that, although we have got better and keener brains than he, yet he is often able to get the better of us. Sometimes he manages to climb up to our caves in the dead of night, and silently pounces on one of us, whom he instantly carries off to his lair. We are dreadfully timid at night, and he knows it too. That's why he so often attacks us then. Sometimes during the daytime, when we are playing about on the rocks in the sun, or gathering nuts and herbs out on the veld, he will pounce on one of our children, or our womenfolk, and carry them off. In some parts of the country, krantzes are scarce, so we baboons have to sleep up in the branches of high trees. When our people have to do this, the big warriors of the clan sleep in such a position that a prowling leopard would have to pass near or over them

before he can reach the women and children. Great battles are often fought between our strong warrior baboons and hungry leopards. You see, a leopard, unless very hungry, is afraid to tackle our fighting men, who have big sharp yellow tusks, which they know how to use too.

BATTLES WITH LEOPARDS

But when he is pressed by hunger, the leopard becomes reckless. One day I had a terrible battle with a leopard. I was digging up a bulb, when all of a sudden a large leopard leapt right on top of me. He seized me by the back of the neck, but fortunately my mane was thick and long, so he didn't injure my backbone. I grappled with him, and we struggled and tumbled over and over, until at last, when I was almost exhausted by loss of blood, I managed to grip his throat, and with one last great effort I tore out his windpipe, and, with a leap into the air, he died. I was bitten and scratched all over, and even to-day I have several scars where the hair refuses to grow.

Once a leopard made an attack on a troop of baboons to which I belonged. The leopard seized one of our children, but before he could bound off with it, the little one's mother grasped the bloodthirsty pirate by the hind leg, and held on, shrieking for help all the time. All the big warriors of the tribe instantly rushed to her aid, and packed on to the leopard. There was a terrible fight, for the leopard was strong, his teeth were large and sharp, and his claws tore our skins dreadfully. At last we killed him, and tore his body to pieces in our rage. One of our best warrior baboons, however, lay dead, for the leopard had torn his bowels out with his fearful hind claws, as he lay on his back and fought. Another warrior died three weeks later of wounds received in this fight.

A South African Python (*Python sebæ*), 16 ft. long, and as thick round as the top of a man's thigh. He is lying in a depression amongst the rocks, on the watch for a stray Baboon youngster or a Klip Dassie.

THOSE TERRIBLE SNAKES

We baboonfolk have an enemy which we fear with a mortal fear. He is known as the python, or South African Rock Snake. He lies invisible and silent amongst the rocks, and when any of our tribe come near, his head shoots out like a bullet from a gun, and before there is even time to wink, his monstrous coils are thrown around his victim, and with a few squeezes his body is crushed into a shapeless mass. Sometimes the python will lie along the branch of a tree, and when a baboon happens to walk underneath, the python just drops down on him, and then there is no hope for him. I went with a friend one day to a clump of thorny acacia trees to gather and eat the gum which oozes out of their trunks and branches. When we were busy picking off the gum and storing it as fast as we could in our mouth-pouches, a huge brown streak shot down past my eyes, and next instant I heard a gasp, and saw my friend in the coils of a monster python. I was so terrified I couldn't even run. I just sat and screamed. I never wish to see such a sight again. My poor friend's ribs were crushed up, and with a hollow groan, he died. Then the python began to uncoil, and I saw the body of my friend lying all limp and crushed. His body seemed ever so much longer, and like a great sausage. Then the python gaped his jaws and began swallowing his victim whole. The spell, which had rooted me to the ground, seemed to snap suddenly, and I fled in mortal terror, my hair standing erect all along my neck and back.

HOW WE KILLED A PYTHON

One day a python captured one of our womenfolk when she went down to a pool amongst the rocks to drink. When

the python seized her, she managed to shriek for help before those cruel coils smothered her. Hearing her cry of distress, we rushed to her aid and attacked the python. Before we could kill him, he managed to squash one of our number, who died a few hours afterwards.

Several times our children mysteriously disappeared, for, contrary to our commands, they would often creep away and go hunting about for scorpions and beetles and berries, on their own account. We thought it was a leopard who was carrying them off, but it wasn't so in this case. One day the youngsters came scrambling over the rocks screaming in mortal fear. We hurried up, thinking they were being chased. They told us they had spied a huge python lying asleep amongst the rocks. They led us to the spot, and sure enough, there lay a terrible-looking snake. We got above him and began pushing rocks down on him. He awoke, and raising his head, hissed dreadfully. Then he tried to crawl away, but we saw he was very slow and didn't make much headway; so, thinking he wouldn't be able to make much of a fight, we grew bolder and closed in on him. We feared at first to attack him, for we well knew that at least one of us would be likely to be crushed to pulp. However, an old warrior-baboon, with grizzled hair and great tusks, made a dash, and we all followed.

We tore that python almost to pieces. When we were venting our rage on the body by biting pieces out of it, one of our womenfolk gave a terrible shriek, and jumping forward, seized an arm which stuck out of the python's torn body. She pulled and drew out the remains of one of our little folk. It was her own child. She hugged the dead slimy body to her breast and moaned and crooned and shrieked. We tried to take the body away from her, but she wouldn't let us, and scrambled away off amongst the rocks. Two days afterwards she came back and joined us, looking sad and miserable. She had left her child's

A South African Python (*Python sebæ*), 18 ft. long and 24 in. in circumference, hanging from a branch.

dead body in a cleft, high up in the krantz where the jackals and wild hunting dogs could not reach it.

HOW WE CHASED A LEOPARD

We baboonfolk are very fond of oysters and other shellfish. We often make excursions down to the seaside, and when the tide is low we go out on the rocks and gather oysters, other kinds of shellfish, and crabs. We sometimes smash the shells by banging them on the rocks, but as a rule, we are able easily to break the shells with our strong teeth. One day we were all busy collecting shells, and hunting under the stones for hermit crabs, whilst our children were playing and romping on the sand. Suddenly, a chorus of terrified shrieks rent the air. Starting up, we were just in time to see a leopard leap amongst our children. We instantly swarmed after him. Seeing us coming in such numbers, he bounded off amongst the scrubby bush, and we followed. We chased him for nearly three miles, but lost his track in the thick bush-covered hills.

When we returned there was grief and lamentation. Two of our little folk were dead. One had been bitten at the back of the neck, and its neck was broken. The other one's skull had been crushed by the leopard's cruel jaws.

DROWNED BY THE TIDE

One of our womenfolk met with a sad end one day. We were busy collecting shellfish out on the rocks by the seaside. The tide was coming in at the time. Presently one of our women began to cry out, and we saw her struggling desperately on one of the rocks out in the water. We rushed to see what was wrong, and found that a large oyster had closed its shell on her hand. We dragged desperately at the shell to tear it from the rocks, but it was too firmly

rooted. We did our best to crush it with our teeth, but the oyster was in an awkward position, and our teeth slipped. Then an appalling discovery was made. The tide was cutting us off. We made one last desperate effort to rescue our sister, but failed. Bidding her a sad farewell, we hurried to the shore. Just then, a succession of little shrieks were heard, and bounding from rock to rock, we saw our doomed sister's child trying to reach her. It did reach her. She hugged it to her breast with her free hand. We sat helpless on the shore and watched the water slowly rise up and up. When the waves reached the mother's breast she thrust her child on to her shoulder. When the tide was lapping her shoulders she pushed her little one on to the top of her head. Presently a wave washed over them, and both vanished.

I shall never forget that sad scene, and the heroism of that unselfish mother, whose one thought right to the end was to save her child.

OUR HOME LIFE

You humanfolk who are so clumsy at climbing, think it a marvellous performance to see us baboonfolk scramble, either up or down a krantz as straight upright as the wall of a house. You see, for many thousands of years our folk have practised rock-climbing, so I suppose we inherit the ability to climb. Of course we couldn't climb up the precipices if they were quite smooth. There are always little crevices and rough bits where we can get a grip to help us along. If it had not been for our krantz-climbing powers we baboonfolk would long ago have been killed by our enemies. There isn't a single enemy we fear who can climb up to our homes in the crevices of the krantzes. At night, as many of us collect together as the cave or shelter will hold, and we huddle up all together like a ball, throwing

I am the Cape Hunting Dog or Wilde Honde. We hunt in twos, half-dozens, and in big packs. In the old days we used to levy a heavy toll upon the Baboonfolk, when they came out upon the veld seeking food. The hand of the humanfolk is now against us, because we eat their sheep and cattle. Our tribe are being rapidly exterminated in South Africa in consequence. (After Brehm.)

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd.

our arms round each other to keep ourselves warm. We love to bask in the sun on the rocks, and watch our youngsters playing games. They often play practical jokes, just as your children do. Sometimes when their jokes lead to pulling and biting our tails or rolling boulders down on us, we just lay them over our knees and give them a good spanking.

Our womenfolk look after their babies far better than many of your humanfolk mothers do. Our women won't let their babies out of their sight for an instant, until they are many months old. For the first three or four months the mother hugs her child to her breast, nearly all the time. If it is ill, she croons, and comforts it with endearing caresses.

A MOTHER'S AFFECTION

One day I was sitting on top of a boulder on a cliff, carelessly watching two of our womenkind with their babies in their arms, gathering berries from a bush, away at the bottom of the cliff. Suddenly two Cape hunting dogs sprang from the dense undergrowth at them. There wasn't time to retreat up the cliff, hampered as they were with their babies. Quick as thought, one of the mothers passed her child over her shoulder into the arms of the other mother, who kept well to the rear. Freed of her charge, she boldly faced her enemies and showed such a bold front that they were cowed. Presently, however, two more of these terrible wild dogs joined the others, and all four made a sudden onslaught, and the heroic mother was soon torn to pieces. Whilst the battle was going on the other mother-baboon made good her escape. She adopted the little orphan and reared it, as well as her own.

Although these wild dogs are large and powerful, they are cowardly beasts, and never dared attack us when we were

all together, for our menfolk are more than a match for them.

ROBBING A BEES' NEST

When I was a young man I was full of life and energy, and always ready to take part in any adventure. One day we found a bees' hive in the trunk of an old yellow-wood tree. We talked the matter over, and I volunteered to climb up and explore. Before I reached the hive, the bee sentries spied me and raised an alarm. The bees poured out in hundreds and in thousands—and it seemed to me there were millions. They swarmed around me and stung my lips, my ears, and any other tender place where they could thrust in their stings. With a yell of agony I dropped with a thud, and ran, but those bees followed me up-until I managed to creep into a big mass of thick brush-wood. There I lay panting and suffering agonies of pain.

When I got older, and my skin got tougher and my hair grew thick and long, I didn't mind robbing bees' nests, because I found that not many of them could manage to sting me. I would make a rush and tear as big an opening as I could into the hive, and drag out the comb as fast as possible. Selecting the nicest piece, I would rush off with it, brushing it against the grass and leaves as I ran, or else rubbing it on the ground to get rid of the bees which insisted on clinging to it. When I had finished eating that bit, I would lie and watch, and when the bees got tired of buzzing around, I would go and collect the remainder. We used to find bees' nests in all sorts of odd places. Sometimes they were in crevices of the rocks, in holes, or in rotten trunks of trees. One day I was climbing amongst the rocks, and I discovered the bleached skull of a Bushman, and a swarm of bees had actually made their home inside it.

HOW WE GUARD AGAINST SURPRISE

You humanfolk often get very conceited, and think yourselves clever. You look upon us baboonfolk as mere "animals," altogether different from yourselves, and of no consequence. You mustn't forget the fact that although you are called "human," whatever that means, you are classified as animals just as we are. Your bodies are the same as ours, except that they are different in shape, because you live a different kind of life to that which we have to live. Bone for bone, muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve, organ for organ, we have in common with you. However, we freely admit that most of you have far more brains than we have—but not all of you. There are plenty of humanfolk who are not nearly as clever as we are.

However, I started off to tell you how we guard ourselves against enemies, but my thoughts wandered. Before those hateful Bushmen came, the only enemies we feared much were lions, leopards, cheetahs, and caracals or lynxes. You see, these cat-like creatures are very cunning and tricky, and they would lie hidden until we came out to search for food. When we had spread ourselves out, and were busy pulling the sweet gum off the acacia trees, collecting the fruit from the mountain plum trees, or digging up bulbs and roots, those treacherous enemies would watch their chance, and pounce out upon our boys and girls, and carry them off before we could collect together.

OUR SENTRIES

All that you humanfolk know, you or your ancestors have learned by experience. So it is with us. We have learned that it is unwise to venture out of our caves and shelters without first placing somebody on watch. So,

one of our leaders places himself on guard. He climbs up to the highest point of a rock, or to the top of a tree where he can have a good view in all directions. Then we troop off to look for food, or to play or bask in the sun. If our sentry should see an enemy, or even anything at all suspicious, he instantly warns us with a loud and long-drawn-out sort of "H-o-c-h." Then we all make off as fast as we can for our homes amongst the rocks, without looking to see if there is really cause for alarm. Sometimes we have false alarms, but we think it's always best to err on the safe side.

NEGLECT OF DUTY—THE PUNISHMENT

Once we went out to get our breakfast, and posted a rather young man to act as sentry. He was a very conceited young fellow, and declared his eyes and his wits were sharper than those of the grizzled, experienced old leaders of our clan. We were peacefully collecting and eating our food, when an unearthly shriek rent the air; then another and yet another. Our menfolk rushed in the direction of the sounds, and were just in time to see a leopard bound off into the thick thorny bush with one of our children. We followed him up, but the bush was so thick and thorny, we couldn't make much progress, and soon gave up trying to follow the spoor.

When we emerged from the bush, our old leader stalked off in the direction of that untrustworthy sentinel. Seeing the chief coming, he divined the reason, and began to plead and pray for mercy. The chief paid no heed, but advancing upon him, he, with a grunt of indignation, seized the sentinel by the back of his neck, and with his other hand cuffed him soundly.

These are some of the small creatures which we Baboonfolk eat.—(1) Baboon Spider; (2) Centipede; (3) Scorpion; (4) Beetle. (Two-thirds natural size.)

THE FOODS ON WHICH WE LIVE

We don't grow crops or keep animals to be killed and eaten or to lay eggs, or to give milk. We just eat anything which is good to eat that God has provided. We are to-day doing just what your ancestors did hundreds of thousands of years ago. If you study that science which is called Anthropology, you will find that your race once lived in caves, and their ways and habits were just like ours. Your ancestors, in those far-distant days, lived on what they could find in mountain, veld, forest, and stream.

There is no need for any of us baboonfolk to starve. There is plenty of food for all. We are practically vegetarians. When we get tired of that food, we hunt for beetles, caterpillars, centipedes, scorpions, and other creepy things. The scorpions are our daintiest morsels. You know the fellows I mean. They are the kind which hide under stones. They are as long as your thumb, with nippers like a crab, and a tail with a dreadful sting at the end of it. We find plenty of those scorpions by turning over the stones on the hillsides. As soon as the scorpion is alarmed he raises his tail, ready to prod his sting into his enemy. So, we just grab the tail between our finger and thumb, and nip off the end of it, with the sting. Then we pop the scorpion into our mouth, and chew him up. They have such a delicious flavour.

THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF FOODS

There is a tree which is known to the Dutch as Kepersol or Nooiensboom. They grow in great numbers on the shady sides of ravines, amongst the mountains in the Karoo and other places. The roots of these provide us with both food and water. We chew them up and spit out the

pulp when we have sucked all the juice out. Then, along the districts near the coast wild grapes grow, which we are very fond of. There is the mountain plum or Wilde Pruim of the Karoo Hills, and the Spekboom (Portulacaria) of the Karoo flats.

The ground is teeming with various sorts of onion-like bulbs, which we dig up and eat. The one we like best is called Uintjes by the Dutchfolk, which means "small onion." There is a tree you call a Boerboon which grows a bean of which we are very fond.

There are a very great many plants which are poisonous, but God has provided us with so fine a sense of smell and taste that we can always tell which plants are poisonous and which are not.

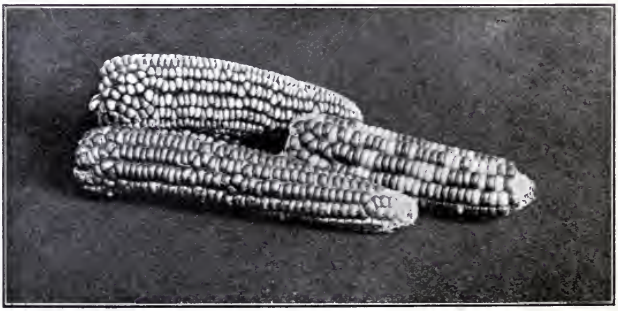
I often wonder why you humanfolk don't teach your children all about the trees and the other plants of your country, so that when you are out in the wilds and run out of food, you will be able to find all the food you need. Why, I don't believe there's one of you who wouldn't die of starvation if he were lost, away out in the bush-veld, although there would be enough good food all around him to feed a regiment. You see, you are very clever in some ways, but very stupid and helpless in others. Your girls, we are told, are taught at school all kinds of wonderful things, which they forget all about a year after they leave school; but when they get homes of their own, they don't know how to prepare the food. So they feed themselves, their children, and their husbands, on all kinds of poisonous and harmful substances and drinks, which cause so many of you to die of sickness.

A GREAT BATTLE

Just when we were beginning to learn by experience how to avoid being killed by those savage little Bushmen,

A typical South African Aloe. We Baboonfolk gather and suck the flowers in which there is nectar. Humanfolk boil the leaves and make Aloe pills of the juice. Kafirs pound up the dried leaves with tobacco and make snuff of it.

A Zulu Warrior and his wife. The women train the wool of their heads into the shape of a cone when they get married, as seen here. They smother it with grease and red ochre. The dress of a married woman is a skirt of softened calf skin hanging from the loins to the knees. The men wear a bunch of strips of animal skin on the loins, back and front.



Cobs of Mealies, which you also call Maize or Indian Corn. The cob grows out of the side of a long stem, 6 ft. in height. The cobs, when growing, are covered with a sheath of leaves. We Baboonfolk are passionately fond of mealies when they are young and milky. Mealies are the chief food of the black humanfolk in South Africa.

another danger threatened. We had heard rumours from time to time of another people with black skins and woolly heads. One day when we were sunning ourselves on the rocks, a great army of the very people we had heard about came marching over the hill. They carried large things, which we afterwards learned were war shields. They also had spears, known as assegais, and sticks with big knobs on the end of them. They swept past, and from our retreat high up in a krantz, we saw them spread out in new-moon shape, and, chanting a war song, they quickly formed a circle. Then we saw what the meaning of it all was. They had surrounded a whole tribe of Bushmen. These pigmy people were brave. They didn't give in without a fight. Spreading out, they vanished into crevices, caves, behind boulders, and into the thorny tangled scrub. As the great black host closed in, shower after shower of tiny poisoned arrows were shot amongst them. Taken by surprise, great numbers were struck and soon died, for a wound by one of those little arrows always meant certain death. Covering themselves with their huge shields, the Kafirs rushed in on the Bushmen, and soon all the latter were slain.

MORE RACES OF PEOPLE CAME

These black people, we learned, were Zulus. It seems these Zulus were a great nation, whose home was in Zululand. Every now and again their armies swept over South Africa, killing everybody they could find. They were such great fighters that no other nation of black people could stand against them.

Then other races of people came, and spread themselves out all over the country. One of those races was that which you call the Hottentots. Their skins are yellow, they have little beady eyes, high cheek-bones, and tapering chins.

Nobody knows where this yellow race came from. Then other races, we were told, came from far away north and travelled through Africa to where we live. They didn't march right down all at once. They moved slowly to the south. You see, the various tribes fought amongst themselves, and the weaker ones would be driven away into the wilderness, which they would make their home. Then there would be more fighting, and those who were beaten would have to run off and find a new place where they could live in peace, or else be killed. So at last these people began to appear in South Africa. First came the Bushmen who gave us so much trouble, then came the other black and brown races of men, until the whole country was full of them.

A WHITE RACE OF MEN

From away over the ocean a race of people with white skins, and with hair instead of wool, came in ships and made their home at the place you call the Cape of Good Hope. Then other races or tribes of them came and there was much fighting. There were people you call Portuguese, and Dutchmen, then Frenchmen, and lastly came English people. The Dutch people love nature; they have the true pioneer spirit. Theirs was once a great nation. Their ships scoured the seas and penetrated into all kinds of places and they made new homes there.

Well, when the Dutchmen got tired of fighting, they began to spread out and live on the veld. They planted mealies, pumpkins, wheat, fruit-trees, and reared different kinds of animals. Then the black people began to trouble them, and many were killed. So they gathered together and drove the armies of the blacks right away. But their troubles were not ended. The Bushmen began to steal their cattle, and when the Dutchmen gave chase, they

Photo by J. W. Allen.

Photo by J. W. Allen.

Fields of Kafir Corn. The Baboonfolk make raids upon it when it is ripe. The Kafirs ferment the corn, pound it up and brew a sort of gruel, known as Kafir beer, which is more or less intoxicating.

shot them with their poisoned arrows. So a great feud arose, and the Bushmen were driven off to the far-distant mountains.

A GREAT CALAMITY

Now, we pride ourselves on our cunning and our cleverness in keeping clear of our enemies. But alas! we cannot reason out anything. From our rocky homes we saw things which were dear to our hearts growing in the Dutchmen's gardens. Fruit, the like of which we had never before seen. Great pumpkins, melons, sweet vegetables, and corn. How we loved that corn, and what dire calamity it brought on us. We were the Adams and Eves of South Africa, and God had given us all we needed, but we coveted what was forbidden. We robbed the Dutchmen's fields, and their orchards and vegetable gardens. Terrible was the retribution. These farmers had things which you call guns. One would just put a gun to his shoulder, there would be a puff of smoke, and something hard would strike like fire into our bodies. The old sages of our tribe counselled us to go away and seek new homes in the wilderness where we should be free from temptation, but our people had got a great liking for those new kinds of foods, which could be had so easily, so they wouldn't listen to the advice of their wise men. We learned to be careful, and posted double sentries. Hundreds of times I have robbed the farmers' mealie fields. Only once was I wounded. It was my own fault. The sentry sounded the alarm, and I made off with the others. I had an armful of lovely sweet mealie cobs, which I didn't want to throw away. I hobbled off on three legs, and lagged behind the others. Suddenly a man galloped up on a horse and shot at me with his gun. Sharp stings of pain shot through me. I dropped the mealie cobs, and rushed off as fast as I could. When I got safely home up

in a krantz I examined myself and found a big tear in my thigh, a small hole in my side, and another in my shoulder, from which blood trickled. I was sick and sore for two weeks or more, but I got quite well again.

A GREAT DISASTER

The farmers whose crops we pilfered began to get very angry, and laid plans. We had all retired to rest one evening as usual, in the crevices and crannies of a krantz, and slept soundly, as we always do unless disturbed. Just when day was breaking, our sentry sounded the danger signal. We started up in alarm. There, right opposite to us on a low hill, were several men with guns and dogs. They were all spread out. Glancing farther along, others were to be seen, and it was clear to us we were being surrounded. We clambered up the rocks, thinking the rear was clear, when, like a peal of thunder, a volley was poured into us. Some of our people ran back, but were shot down by the men in front, or at the sides. I, with others, dashed blindly and madly on, colliding with a Dutchman and tumbling him headlong amongst the rocks. I shall never forget that morning. The reports of the guns, the barking of the dogs, the chattering and hoch-hoch-hoching barks of our people, I shall never forget.

Next day the survivors collected together. Our tribe numbered ninety-five men, women, and children. Now but thirty-six of us remained. I lost all my children, as well as my father and mother. More than a dozen of our people afterwards died of wounds.

After this dreadful experience we learned to be more careful, but somehow the farmer men are always springing new surprises upon us.

A nest of Ostrich Eggs in the sand. We Baboonfolk are very fond of these eggs. We break them on stones, or against each other. An ostrich egg is as big as a humanfolk baby's head, and is equal to twenty-four fowls' eggs.

THEY VOW THEY WILL KILL US ALL

The farmer folk say they will kill us all. I don't blame them for feeling so bitter against us. You see, we baboon-folk don't think like you humanfolk do. We think that all the world is free to every creature as well as everything which grows upon it. I suppose it is because you have brain lobes which haven't started to develop in us yet, so we see things differently to what you do. It is really no wonder though that the farmer men get so angry with us. There are evil people in our tribe, as there are in yours. Some of our people steal forth and kill poor little innocent lambs. They don't eat their flesh, but just tear them open and suck up the curdled milk in their stomachs. I don't just know how our folk found out about there being milk in the lambs' stomachs. I was told that a Dassievanger, or Berghaan eagle, killed and partly ate a lamb. When he had flown off, some inquisitive baboonfolk went to see what he had been doing. They found the remains of a lamb with the stomach partly torn. In handling it, some milk got on their fingers, and thus they found it was good to eat. After that they killed lambs themselves, and tore out their stomachs to get the milk. It is only a few of our tribe who are guilty of such dreadful practices. A good many of us have learned a new dodge, which has made the farmer hate us worse than ever. We have learned that there is delicious food inside the eggs of ostriches; so, whenever we find a nest, we break the eggs and have a feast. Once we scared a hen ostrich off her nest and were busy feasting on the eggs, when up ran the cock ostrich. Before we could scatter, he hit one of our folk a terrific whack, and with another steam hammer-like kick, broke the leg of a second. We ran off in terror, and from a safe retreat mournfully watched that ostrich rain blow after blow on our comrade until he was dead.

OUTWITTED

We are never afraid of ever poisoning ourselves by eating herbs and berries, fruits and bulbs which are poisonous, because we know them all; but we have found by a bitter experience that our senses of taste and smell are not altogether perfect where new poisons are concerned. Besides, those farmer folk are so crafty. One day a troop of us went gaily off to a forest of acacia trees to pick the gum which oozes from the trunks and branches and of which we are so fond. We all ate a great deal, and went off. Presently some of our number began to groan and chatter, and we knew they were suffering terrible agonies. Then their legs and arms began to jerk and quiver, and presently they got horrible convulsions and died. This occurred several times with our people before it dawned on us that the gum might be poisoned. We carefully watched, and found that the farmer folk went and made little holes in the gum on the trees, and put a deadly poison, called strychnine, inside.

Truly, we now live in constant dread and terror, for we never know what new plan those crafty men will hatch out and put in operation against us.

HOW A SENTINEL WAS KILLED

One evening before going to bed, we planned to rob a neighbouring mealie field. At daybreak we issued silently forth, our sentinel taking up his position in the top of a Spekboom tree on the side of a small hill overlooking the cornfields. We were busy stuffing our cheeks with mealies, and collecting cobs to take away with us, when a sharp report rang out, and our sentinel tumbled headlong to the ground. Then a man with a gun appeared at the top of

the hill, and to our horror we found the retreat to our rocky home partly cut off. We had to run the gauntlet of about twenty farmers. We lost nineteen of our number that morning. Three more died of wounds later.

ENCOUNTERS WITH DOGS

Sometimes the farmerfolk manage to cut off a few of us and chase us with dogs. We are in terrible fear of those animals. Our people have often been torn to pieces by them. The dogs don't always get the best of the fight. One day five dogs attacked two of our leaders. There was a fearful battle. Three dogs were killed and the other two wounded. One day a number of our women and children were busy collecting food, when six dogs rushed upon them. Our chief, who was a powerful fellow with huge muscles and eye teeth two inches long, threw himself upon the dogs, whilst the women and children made good their escape. The dogs packed on him from back, sides, and front. I saw him pick up one, seize its throat in his jaws, and thrust it away from him, tearing its windpipe right out. He quickly cast away the body, and tore open another dog in the same way. Then a powerful Kafir dog seized our chief by the throat. Just then two men ran up, and putting the muzzle of a gun to his side, shot him dead. He gave his life that others might live. Such is the struggle for existence which goes on with all life upon earth.

THE WAY WE FIGHT

When we fight our enemies we don't bite like most other animals. We seize hold of our enemy, get a good grip with our teeth, and with our powerful arms and legs pull the body of our foe away, while still holding fast with our teeth. In this way we can bite and tear huge pieces

out of our enemies. You humanfolk often do just the same. When black men have meat to eat, they partly cook it by holding it in a fire, impaled on the end of a green stick. Then, if they haven't a knife, they seize it with their teeth, and with their fingers they pull it away from their mouths, thus tearing off pieces.

AN ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL ME

Years and years ago, when I was in the full vigour of my manhood, I was very venturesome. From my cave-shelter high up on a kopje I used to look longingly down upon an orchard away below me. This garden was on the outskirts of a small town. There was a large mulberry tree in that garden, and I was specially fond of mulberries, and often took big risks to get them. I sat and watched the spreos, the muisvogels, and the bulbuls feasting to their hearts' content, and the sight was too much for me; besides I was frightfully hungry, for there had been almost incessant rain for two days and I couldn't go out to get any food. All was still and silent. Nobody seemed to be astir, so I made my way to that garden and climbed up the mulberry tree. The mulberries were so delicious, I suppose I must have forgotten the time. A sudden shout for assistance by a woolly-headed Kafir sent a thrill of deadly fear through my frame. Glancing down, I saw him standing at the foot of the tree with a big hoe in his hands. He was eyeing me carefully, in case I should make a sudden leap. Seeing several other Kafirs and a white man coming, I suddenly dropped to the ground, and, just in the nick of time, dodged a smashing blow aimed at me with a hoe. I made off towards my home, but those men divined my intention, and I was headed off. I rushed blindly in the opposite direction, and presently found myself in a street, with houses on both sides. Behind me there quickly gathered a yelling

crowd of men and boys of every imaginable shade of colour, from pure white to dark mahogany.

From everywhere the people poured. Shop assistants bolted out hatless and coatless, customers forgot about their purchases, and joined in the chase. Old men hobbled and ladies rushed into the first open doorway, or down the alleys. It was really astonishing how the people in front of me melted away into nothingness when they saw me approaching, with teeth gleaming, and the most ferocious expression of face I could put on.

Seeing a large open doorway, I ran in. It turned out to be a glassware shop, and there were tables all over the floor, and scores of shelves packed with beautiful vases, bowls, glasses, cups and saucers, and all kinds of wonderful things. There were a lot of people in the shop; and in their haste to get out of my way upset a dozen tables. In my terror I climbed up the shelves, and somehow everything I touched seemed to topple over and fall with a crash to the ground. Then the crowd came surging up, and the shop was soon packed with people. I barked furiously, and exposed my big teeth, whereupon there was a backward rush, and, with a report like a cannon, a huge plate glass show window was burst.

Taking advantage of the confusion, I slipped off down a passage, and found myself in a yard. Several coloured men ran screaming to the nearest shelter. From the garden I clambered over the wall, and presently found myself once again almost surrounded with people. I climbed up a verandah pole and swung myself on to the roof, and managed to get right up to the top. The people below began to pelt me with stones and all kinds of things. I followed their example, and tore the tiles off the roof and pitched them down. This soon scattered the crowd. But they only moved farther away. Seeing a chimney, I took refuge behind it, and was safe for a time. However,

I carefully watched all that went on. I saw a group of men talking earnestly together, and then scatter. I knew a plot had been hatched out against me.

THEY TRIED TO SHOOT ME

Presently I saw a man approach. He looked very suspicious. I divined his intention. He suddenly vanished behind a hedge. Carefully watching the spot I caught the glint of a rifle barrel. I instantly drew in my head and managed to keep him under observation by squinting round the corner of the chimney with one eye. He got tired of waiting and got up and tried to get me at a disadvantage. Fortunately for me I couldn't be tackled from the rear as the roof ascended higher in that direction.

They then tried other tactics. A ladder was raised, then another at the opposite side. Then, like a flash it was borne in on me they were going to outflank me, for it was clear if there were two men with guns, and if they got up the ladders, I was doomed. There was still hope. A slender chance of escape remained. It was my only one. I took it. Erecting my mane, and putting on my most ferocious expression, I gave a succession of hoch-hoch-hoch barks, and with a bound sprang amongst the crowd. Landing on a man's head, he was borne to the ground. In quick succession I bit whoever was nearest me. Yes, my plan succeeded, I managed to create a panic, and in the confusion I slipped away.

Careering down a lane, several mongrel dogs tackled me. We had a rough and tumble fight, and presently three of them lay maimed or dead. The others fled. With many wounds, bruises, and almost exhausted, I reached the fields and, slipping into the mimosa bushes, crawled away to safety. Never again did I venture near the habitations of man.

The skull of a male Chacma Baboon, slightly less than one-half natural size. —(1) Incisor or Cutting Teeth; (2) Canine or Tearing Teeth; (3) Molar or Grinding Teeth. The canine or eye teeth are smaller in female Baboonfolk.

OUR RELATIONS

We Chacma baboonfolk have one very near relative in South Africa. He never comes down farther south than Mashonaland. He is known to you as the Yellow Baboon. He doesn't like cold, so he prefers to live in the warmer parts of Africa, from the Zambesi away north to Abyssinia. He is what you would term a first cousin. Then we have some second cousins in South Africa; there are six different kinds. They are all long and slender in body, with long tails, and not nearly so clumsy-looking as we are. They are called arboreal monkeys, because they live in trees.

You can always tell one of us baboonfolk because we have a certain secret sign by which all our people know us. We hold up our tail so that about a foot of it from the root slants upwards at an angle, then it curves and droops downwards toward the ground. If you see a monkey holding his tail like that, you will know he is a baboon.

I could tell you hundreds of wonderful things which happened to me and to my tribe, but I am old and weak, and I feel weary and will now go to rest, and let some of the youths and maids tell you a few of their experiences.

HOW THE HUMANFOLK CAPTURED ME

I am one of the baboonfolk. I am only an ignorant youth, and our menfolk used to cuff and knock me about. They said I was evil-minded, selfish, and surly. Well, anyhow, I wasn't going to stay at home and be bullied, so I used to wander off by myself. One day I was roaming around, looking for anything which might be good to eat, when I spied some calabashes. I touched one with my hand and it rattled. Turning it over, I saw that it was hollow. I peered inside. There at the bottom lay a double-handful of mealies. Thrusting in my hand I

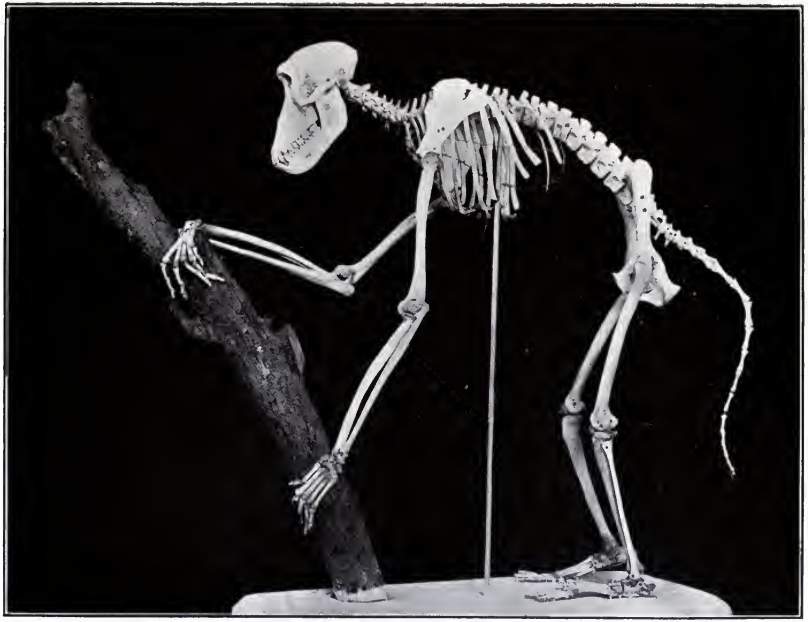
grabbed as many as I could, but try as I would I couldn't pull my doubled fist out of the hole. Just then a sudden shout was heard, and, glancing up, I saw two Kafirs and three dogs rush from behind some boulders and make for me. I tried to rush off, but that big calabash hanging from my hand kept me back. The dogs were soon round me, and after a struggle I was thrust inside a sack and carried off. How bitterly I cursed my stupidity, for it hadn't dawned on me that if I had let go my hold of those mealies, I could easily have slipped my hand out of the calabash. Ever so many of us have been captured by this stupid trick; but our tribe are beginning to learn from experience, and it's only the Back-veld, ignorant baboonfolk who are now tricked in that way.

THEY PUT ME IN A CAGE

I was thrust into a box and carried off to Port Elizabeth, in a thing you call a train. I was taken to the museum and put into a nice, large, roomy cage. I soon lost all nervousness and fear, for hundreds of the children of the humanfolk came to see me. Their faces were so jolly, and they laughed so much that I felt really and truly happy, and liked them far better than the children of the baboonfolk. They brought me all kinds of nice things. At first I ate so much and so often that I became seriously ill. But I grew wise after a while, and was more careful. I used to get everything which is most dear to a baboon's heart—cakes, biscuits, fruit, nuts, sweets.

RIVALS

One day the man at the museum put three baboon children into the cage with me. I rather liked it at first, because, after all, one hankers after his own kind and



The complete skeleton of one of the Baboonfolk (*Papio porcarius*). All our bones are the same as yours, excepting the tail. Scientific fellows say you have lost yours because your ancestors ceased to use it. (From skeleton in Port Elizabeth Museum.)

somebody to talk to. You see the humanfolk don't know our language, and only laugh when we try to talk and make signs to them. We huddled up together and talked nearly all night. They told me a terrible tale of how fifty big, bearded men surrounded their tribe one night, and shot down their mothers and fathers, and how they, and a lot more children, were captured.

I soon noticed that the humanfolk were beginning to neglect me, and that the new arrivals were the favourites. I grew jealous, and my jealousy grew and grew until I began to sulk. One day I flew into a temper and cuffed one of the youngsters soundly and bit him on the arm. He bawled and shrieked and pretended to be dreadfully hurt. The museum man came on the scene, and my heart quailed with fear, for he called to an assistant, who went away and soon returned with a cane. He got inside the cage and gave me a sound thrashing. How that thin cane did sting. I seem to feel it now, for the recollection is so vivid. I made up my mind I wouldn't risk another such caning, so I behaved myself. But really it was too bad. You see, whenever the humanfolk came along with anything nice, I, being the elder, would station myself in front of the cage and thrust away the baboon youngsters. That didn't answer for long, for the boys and girls soon learned how to trick me. One would pretend to give me a nut, whilst others would feed my rivals. The little rascals stuffed all the food into their cheeks, until they were swollen out like stuffed bags.

I HATCHED OUT A PLOT

I climbed sulkily up one of the tree-trunks, and thought as hard as I could. At last when my head was aching with such tremendous mental efforts, a brilliant idea came to me. I pretended to be drowsy, and watched the

youngster baboons out of the corner of an eye. When their cheeks were stuffed as full as they would hold, I pounced down upon one and seized him by the neck. I held him down with my feet, which are just like hands. Then I forced open his mouth and picked out all the nuts, sweets, bits of cake, and other good things. I grabbed another and did likewise, and then the third. I tried this dodge ever so many times, and thought myself immensely clever.

SENT TO THE ZOO

I suppose the museum man became disgusted, because one day I was seized and put into a box. Next day I was taken away across the water and put on to what you call a ship. After a long voyage, cramped up in a box and teased by the ship stewards and seamen, I arrived in England, and was taken to the great London Zoo where all kinds of animals are kept. I was put in a big cage along with about a dozen more of our baboonfolk. I soon got used to the place, and there were plenty of titbits for us all, for thousands of humanfolk children come and look at us, and stuff us with food until we cannot eat any more. I am still in the London Zoo, but I am a chronic dyspeptic, and suffer agonies from indigestion, and I no longer enjoy anything I eat. Now, I wish you humanfolk would take a lesson from me, and be careful not to eat too much, and to eat only at regular meal times, and never touch food between times. Then you will grow up healthy and strong, and will live cheerful, happy, and long lives. Good-bye, my friends. I have told my story.

A LITTLE BOY BABOON'S STORY

One day away out at Bluecliff, in the eastern province of the Cape Colony, I was romping and rolling on the

ground, whilst my mother was gathering mealie cobs to take to our home for supper, when, without warning, there was a bang. I saw a puff of smoke, and my mother gave a gasp of pain and fell. She raised herself and tried to get to me. I was so terrified I couldn't move. Mother groaned and gasped in great agony, for she had been shot through the lungs. Three times she struggled to reach me, and at last with one great effort she thrust out her arm, seized and hugged me tight to her breast. Then a man and a dog came running up. Mother lay on her side and held me tight, placing her body between me and the man. The dog sprang at her. She tried to fight, but all she could do was to cover me up with her arms. Then the gun went off again, and mother fell dead on top of me.

Presently I was dragged out, and the man held me up by the neck, and looked into my face. I shivered with fear, because I thought he was going to kill me. Instead of that he thrust me into a small haversack and buttoned me in. I sobbed and cried, and called and called for my mother—but alas ! mother was dead.

I was taken to the man's home, and placed in a cosy blanket-lined basket. I cried myself to sleep. Next day I felt very faint and hungry. A dear, sweet-looking girl came along, and, gently coaxing me, thrust something soft into my mouth. It felt familiar somehow, so I began to suck, and to my joy nice sweet milk came flowing into my parched mouth.

I soon got used to my new home, for the humanfolk children were very kind and gentle with me. They nursed me by turns all day long.

I WAS SENT A JOURNEY

They soon grew tired of me because I got indigestion from drinking so much milk, and became very irritable and

peevish. So they sent me in a little box to the Port Elizabeth museum. The man at the museum took me out and handed me over to one of my tribe, whom he had at the museum in a cage. She was one of our girlfolk, and was about half-grown. She hugged, caressed, and crooned over me, and nursed me all day long. When night time came, she cuddled me close to her breast and folded her loving arms round me to prevent me from getting cold. Three times every day a man came with a baby's sucking bottle and fed me. I soon grew strong and well, because you see the museum man knows how to feed animals, and doesn't ruin their health by giving them food at all times.

There were two other girl baboons in the cage, and they began to grow jealous, and wanted to take a turn at nursing me, but my foster-mother wouldn't let them even touch me. They became very abusive, and used to say all kinds of nasty things to her, but she paid no heed to them. Then they began to annoy me. They would pull my tail, pinch me, cuff me, and even bite me whenever I left my nurse and began to play about. My nurse did all she could to protect me, but there were two against her.

One day the museum man took me away and handed me over to a humanfolk lady who said she would rear me. She took me to her home. I grieved for a good while for my kind and affectionate nurse, but this lady was so kind, that I soon felt quite happy. She had some little brothers, and they and the neighbours' children used to nurse and amuse me all day long.

A POPULAR NIGHT

At the Port Elizabeth museum, they used to give what they called "Museum Popular Nights." The huge Feather Market, the Morning Market, and balconies were decorated with hundreds of flags and foliage. Different kinds of live

Photo by Maurice Gilbert

I am a baby of the Baboonfolk. My mother was shot by one of the humanfolk in a mealie garden. I was reared on cows' milk and water, which I sucked from a humanfolk baby's bottle. I am the fellow whom the Port Elizabeth Museum man exhibited at one of his " Popular Nights."

The Dassievanger (Verreaux's Eagle) who sometimes carries the Baboonfolk children to his eyrie. He is as big as a turkey. He is very fond of Klip Dassies, that's why he is called a Dassievanger, which means " Dassie catcher."

wild animals of South Africa were exhibited, with large labels telling all about their ways and habits. Lantern lectures would be given in the Feather Market. Educational material of all sorts was laid out on large tables, and dozens of school-teachers and other wise folk would give lectures on the specimens or models before them in all parts of the buildings. Every popular night was different. There was always something new and interesting. The people of Port Elizabeth used to flock to these popular nights in thousands. I remember one night I was carefully wrapped up in a shawl and carried away up the street. I felt angry, because I was frightfully hungry, for I hadn't had food since breakfast time. I soon knew why. My little girl-nurse carried me into the Feather Market, took off my shawl, and dumped me down on a table on the platform. I looked up. What a sight it was. The great hall was packed full, and people were standing all around the sides as close as sardines in a tin.

My nurse presently brought my sucking bottle and handed it over to me. I hugged it to my breast, and put the teat in my mouth and had a good drink. Then a rude man came and took my bottle away and held it up out of my reach. Of course I screamed just like a humanfolk baby would if you snatched his bottle from him when he was hungry. The people yelled with laughter. Some nearly got hysterics. I don't know why they laughed. It wasn't a laughing matter to me. I was downright angry, and in monkey language I spoke very plainly what I thought.

The people thought it so wonderful that I should be so much like a human baby. If I did cry and suck my bottle and kick and look like a human baby, I had more sense than one of them of my own age anyway. We baboon babies grow wise and can help ourselves ever so much quicker than the children of the humanfolk. When the humanfolk are still going to school, we are full-grown.

HOW I BECAME A NUISANCE

I was taken home again, and many happy days went by. There was a little boy whom I dearly loved, because he was so noble, so kind, and so good. He went to school. Every morning I would go to the gate and bid him farewell. He always came home at one o'clock for lunch. I soon learned to know the time. I didn't tell it by a clock. There was something inside my head which seemed to tell me what time it was. Anyway, I always went along to the gate and sat on it when it was nearly lunch time, and waited for my chum. When I saw him turn the corner, I always ran to meet him, and climbed on his shoulder.

I was allowed to have a seat at table, for I was now able to eat solid food. I soon began to feel a restless sort of feeling, and a powerful desire to romp and jump and play. One day I jumped on to what I thought was a soft cushion on a little table in the parlour, where some ladies in beautiful dresses were saying unkind things about their absent friends. There was a teapot inside that cushion, and in hastily jumping away, it fell and smashed on the floor, and the hot tea burned a lady's foot. The lady of the house got angry and tried to catch me, so as to give me a good cuffing, I suppose. I screamed and ran away to hide. Seeing a huge vase nearly as tall as a man, I jumped up on to its rim, thinking to take refuge inside. The wretched thing fell and smashed to bits. My lady sank into a chair, and sobbed and wailed about her Dresden vase which had belonged to her grandfather. I felt so sorry that I went over and tried to soothe her, but she gripped me by the neck and called me a little wretch, a pest and a nuisance.

MORE TROUBLES BEFELL ME

I was sentenced to be chained up in the yard, with a little kennel for my home. It nearly broke my heart to be humiliated in this way, just because of an accident. I sobbed and cried and was pining to death. The children at last got permission to release me. I was very careful for about a week. One day I found a box containing little bits of stick with some brown sort of stuff on one end. I chewed up a few, but they made me feel sick, so I began to play with the rest. Presently there was a fizz, and one blazed into fire. I dropped it and ran. Well, somehow it set alight to the window curtain, and then there was a great fuss. A huge engine came tearing along, drawn by big horses; and six men with shiny brass helmets rushed into the house, and with something which they held in their hands they drenched the room and put out the fire. I was hiding in a corner, and was almost drowned. I screamed, and they came and rescued me. They, somehow, seemed to know that I had something to do with the fire. Ever since the time I broke the vase and upset the teapot, whenever anything was wrong a chorus of voices was always ready to cry, " It was Jacky who did it."

Next day I was sent to the museum. They kept me there for a month, and then sent me off to the London Zoo, where I am now living, happy and well.

THE BABOONS AND THE GUN

I am one of the tribe of baboonfolk who live at Baviaan's Kloof in the Orange Free State. We used to make excursions every now and then to a farmer's melon and mealie patches. This man had a beautiful orchard. All kinds of delicious fruits grew therein.

We were not long in hatching out a safe plan to help ourselves to the fruit. The orchard was a long way from the homestead of the owner, and all was open veld, so that our sentinels had a clear view. We used to watch our chance from a neighbouring krantz, and when the coast was clear we raided the orchard. The farmer tried all kinds of ways to get even with us. He poisoned some of the fruit, he set traps, he dug pits and lay in ambush, but all to no purpose. We baboonfolk had learned from experience, and we took good care to profit by it. You humanfolk are often very stupid and silly. You won't profit by the experiences of your forefathers. You just go blundering along and learn by having to suffer yourselves, whereas if you only had the sense to turn the experiences of others to account you would be able to live long and happily.

The farmer had a crafty, worldly-wise old Hottentot servant. This man was uglier than any of us baboonfolk. His face was wrinkled just like parchment a thousand years old. His eyes were like two small, shiny, black beads, and he was shrunken-up like an Egyptian mummy.

Well, anyway, he had the cunning of a baboon, as well as that of his own tribe.

WHAT THAT HOTTENTOT DID

One day we saw the old Hottentot walk down to the orchard with a gun. He walked about for a time. We made very merry, thinking what a silly fellow he was to think that we would venture down from our caves and ledges when he paraded about so openly. By and by he went away. We watched until he had gone out of sight, and, posting our sentinels, we made a raid on the orchard. One of our womenfolk was looking inquisitively around, when she spied something lying upon the grass. We were alarmed at first, thinking it was a new sort of trap. We got

more confident presently, and approaching, saw it was the gun the old Hottentot had been carrying. We didn't know anything about guns then, so we were very curious, as baboonfolk always are. Our leader picked up the gun and fingered it over. Then he discovered there was a hole at the end. He applied his eye to it and tried to peer down. One of our womenfolk was meanwhile fingering the other end, when, with a terrific bang, a cloud of smoke shot forth. There before our eyes lay our leader, stretched out dead, and his brains scattered over the grass. Panic seized us and we fled. Never again did we venture near that orchard. It was a lesson we never forgot. The very sight of a gun after that chilled us to the marrow.

A FRESH CAUSE FOR ALARM

Lately we have heard that the humanfolk all over the world are beginning to have what they call Zoological Gardens, which are places where they keep wild animals in captivity. There are menageries and circuses as well. The owners of these are always keen to get our folk, because they say they can train them so easily to do all kinds of clever things. We wouldn't mind so much being captured and kept in Zoological Gardens, because the cages are big and roomy, and they look after us carefully, and see that we are properly fed and that we are warm and comfortable. We dread with a horrible dread being captured and sold as slaves to circus people, because they nearly always use us badly. One of our folk escaped and joined us. He told us how he was starved nearly to death, to compel him to be obedient. When he was being taught to do things for the amusement of you humanfolk he was thrashed, cuffed, and kicked every time he did anything wrong. They kept him cramped up in a small cage with iron bars, in which he couldn't even stretch his limbs properly.

HOW I SERVED MY MASTER

My mother was shot by a farmer-man one day when she was gathering the fruit of the prickly pear or cactus plant, of which our folk are so fond. This prickly pear isn't a native plant of South Africa. Its native home is in Mexico. It was brought out here by the white humanfolk to make fences with. It now grows wild all over the country. I was a child then, and I remember the farmer man taking me to his home and keeping me there for a long time. One day he went to Grahamstown and took me with him. He sold me in the market. My new owner kept me chained up to a pole for about a year. Wicked hard-hearted boys used to gather around and tease me. One day they pelted me with pebbles, and I lost my temper and pounced on one of them and bit his leg. My owner soon afterwards gave me away.

My new master was a good and kind man, and treated me gently. I grew very fond of him, and was always happiest when he was near me. He got ill and died, and I grieved for a long while. His home was sold to strangers, and once again I changed hands. My new owner was a man who was called a Pointsman on the railway. His work was to pull certain big steel levers which worked signals for the engine-drivers of approaching trains. The station my owner had charge of is called Uitenhage. It is in the eastern province of the Cape of Good Hope. My new master had been run over by a train some years before, and both his legs were cut off. When I came into his possession, he hobbled about on two wooden legs with the aid of a stick. He evolved a brilliant idea in his brain. He determined to train me to do his work for him. I was very intelligent and soon learned to pull the levers. He had a name for each, and I soon knew the one he wanted

A Baboon Pointsman at the Uitenhage Railway Station. He has told you all about himself in the text.

From "Animal Life": Hutchinson & Co.

me to pull. All he had to do was to say its name, and I did the rest. I worked for him faithfully every day for years. Every evening, when the day's work was done, my master ordered me to put his trolley on to the railway line. With his aid, I did so. I knew which way he wanted to go, because he always allowed his wooden stumps to point in the direction he desired to travel. Besides, he nearly always went straight home, and I knew the way only too well. When the line was level, or upgrade, I pushed the trolley along. How I used to enjoy the ride when we were going down hill. I sat on the trolley, and it skimmed along at a tremendous rate.

One day I did something which displeased a half-drunken man. He picked up an iron bar and threw it at me. It struck me across the back of the head and stunned me. I never got over that blow. I suffered a great deal, and grew thinner and thinner. A kind friend, who loves animals, came to see me before I died, and I told him the story of my life, which he said he wanted to put in a book for humanfolk boys and girls to read, because he wanted them to learn to love and to be kind to animals.

ADVENTURE WITH A CHEETAH

I am one of a tribe of baboonfolk who have their home away up in the rugged Drakensberg mountains of Natal. One day we were climbing up a krantz. Some of our number lagged behind. As the last one, who happened to be one of our young menfolk, came lagging along, a yellow streak shot through the bushes, and a Cheetah, or Hunting Leopard, sprang right upon him. The Cheetah tried to carry him off, but he held on grimly to a branch, and yelled to us for help. We instantly turned and clambered down the rocks to his assistance. Our strongest men took the lead and boldly advanced, barking furiously, and with

manes erect. The Cheetah stood his ground and snarled, but when he saw over a hundred of us making for him he bounded into the bush and vanished. We assisted our wounded comrade up the rocks, and left him in a little cave high up in the krantz.

Three times this Cheetah attacked us, and twice did he get safely away with one of our children. We often chased him, but he was altogether too nimble and active for us to overtake. We discovered his lair one day, and gathered round the mouth of it, and barked. He spat and growled and snarled, but wouldn't come out. None of us had the courage to go in and attack him, for the entrance was narrow, and we all knew whoever ventured first, would be killed or badly wounded, before the rest of us could swarm in and rescue him. Besides, we are always bewildered in the dark.

The Cheetah or Hunting Leopard, who carries off and devours our womenfolk and children. He began to trouble the humanfolk and they have, in consequence, nearly exterminated his tribe in South Africa.

CHAPTER II

CARRIED TO AN EAGLE'S EYRIE

In your school books there is a tale about a woman who left her baby down in the field whilst she worked. A Golden Eagle swooped down and carried it off to his eyrie or nest, high up on a ledge in a precipice. The heroic mother climbed the cliff and rescued her child.

Well, it's strange, but we had an experience very similar. A great eagle, which is jet black, with a pure white patch on its back, haunts the mountains of the Drakensberg. It is known to you as Verreaux's eagle (*Aquila verreauxi*). The Dutch people call it the Dassievanger. A pair of them built a nest high up on the cliff above where we lived, on a projecting ledge. They used to come every year and repair their nest, which is a huge quantity of sticks. In the centre of this mass two chalky white eggs are laid. When the eaglets are born, the Klip-dassies, the Mountain Hares, the partridges, and the smaller antelopes have a bad time. There was a kind of armed neutrality between us baboonfolk and those eagles. We feared them, and they feared us, so we left each other alone.

One season the truce was broken. I don't know why, but perhaps the eagles were especially hungry. Anyway, like a stone from the sky, one of them swooped down upon one of our children and soared off with him. His mother was frantic with grief. She instantly made off toward the eyrie. We all knew that if she attempted to rescue her child alone, she would undoubtedly be killed by those two powerful birds, whose talons were sharp and long, and

whose beaks were of great strength and power. We all swarmed off after her. Even to us rock-climbing folk it was real rough, risky work, climbing up to that eyrie. The eagles saw us coming, and set up a harsh screaming. We heeded them not, but kept on until three of the vanguard reached the ledge. Just as our leader was climbing over, both the eagles swooped down at him. So sudden was the shock he lost his grip, and fell. We watched him till his body smashed with a terrible, sickening thud, at the bottom of the cliff. Before the eagles could rally, we scaled the ledge. Three of us suffered severely from the terrible talons of those two fierce birds, who fought with the greatest fury. However, after a score of us had swarmed on to the ledge, the eagles grew less bold. We then looked around and saw the mother baboon hugging her child to her breast. We looked at it, but it was quite dead. In revenge we killed the two eaglets in the nest, and departed. The broken-hearted mother hugged her little dead child to her bosom for a whole day, refusing to believe it was really dead. When the truth dawned upon her, she allowed us to take it and lay the body in the crevice of a rock, where it was safe from the prowling jackals and the Spotted Hyænas which then haunted the locality.

The humanfolk have killed off all the Spotted Hyænas since. These terrible beasts are now extinct, or nearly so, in South Africa. Remember, please, that when we talk of South Africa we mean that portion of Africa which is south of the Zambesi and Cunene Rivers.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION

A few years ago, a tribe of wise men came to our country from Britain. They called themselves the British Association. Most of them had bald heads and grey whiskers. They were very wise men. They travelled right up to the

The Spotted Hyæna or Tiger Wolf is my name. I am known as a scavenger, because I eat up the bodies of animals which have died. Whenever we come across a weak or wounded baboon or their children, we kill and eat them. My tribe is nearly extinct in South Africa. The human-folk hunt us down because we are so fond of their sheep, calves, and poultry. (After Brehm.)

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd

Victoria Falls, and we used to watch them from our rocky homes. They were a funny sort of people, and all our clan, at first, thought they were a lot of lunatics. Some would potter about prodding the ground with sticks, others gathered leaves, flowers, and berries, and sat down and stared at them for an hour at a time with a round piece of glass which they looked through. Some of them scared the Kafirs nearly to death by measuring their skulls, their faces, their bodies, and their limbs. It amused us greatly to watch them. One day, when we were trooping along a mountain, we suddenly came upon one of these fellows turning over a lot of pebbles on the bank of the Zambesi below the great Falls. He looked frightfully scared when he saw us, for there were over fifty of our folk. However, we are, as a rule, afraid of humanfolk, because we never know what new dodge they may be up to. You see, most of them carry a little thing in their pockets which spits fire and drives a hard pellet, which can penetrate right into anything soft like our bodies. Then, most of us haven't learned to recognise a walking-stick from a gun, when at a distance. Well, anyway, we clambered up the rocks and basked in the warm sun, and at intervals hunted for lizards and scorpions under the stones. Our leader sat on a rock not far from the wise man, who was looking at us through what you call field-glasses.

After a short while, our leader was satisfied the humanfolk fellow was a harmless sort of person, but he never took any risks. He beckoned to one of our young men, and gave him instructions to keep a keen eye on the man, and to give the alarm if he saw anything of a suspicious nature. Then he climbed up to where we were, and selecting a sunny ledge, crossed his arms, propped his back against a rock, and dozed.

WE GAVE HIM A GOOD SCARE

Not far from where we lived, another tribe of our folk inhabited a krantz. They were down in the valley one day digging up bulbs and soft roots. The folk of this clan were noted for their boldness, and on several occasions they had defied the natives who sought to drive them off when they were helping themselves to mealies and pumpkins. There were seven or eight strong warrior baboonfolk in the clan, who had immense eye teeth. One day we saw one of those wise humanfolk come along on a horse. The baboonfolk I have just referred to were sunning themselves on the rocks not far ahead. The horseman, seeing them, urged his horse into a canter, expecting to see the baboonfolk scatter in terror. Not a single one budged. Instead they sat sullenly glaring at him, with lips drawn back and teeth glittering. The canter soon subsided into a walk, but still the baboonfolk stood their ground. Suddenly the leader uttered a succession of fierce barks, and the rest joined in and advanced menacingly. In an instant that horseman had wheeled his horse, and, digging his spurs into its flanks, fled away in terror.

A BACK-VELD FARM

Our clan live away in the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal. Away below the rocky hills where we have our home, there is a Dutchman's farm. We have a view of this farm and all the surrounding country for miles. On this farm a long-bearded Boer lives. His elder son has a beard almost the length of that of his father. The other son was a beardless youth. The lady of the house, who is known as a Vrouw, was very fat. You see, the healthy country life, free from cares and worries, gives them a good healthy appetite, and as these ladies don't do

A typical South African krantz, which some people call a precipice. Such places are the homes of the Baboonfolk.

much walking about, they soon grow very fat. There were also a few Hottentot or half-caste girls, two Hottentot men, and several children of various shades of colour.

We baboonfolk had a wholesome dread of the Boer and his sons, and we had good cause, for many of my people have been killed by them. You see, we used to help ourselves to their mealies, which grew away out on the veld, and which they said were theirs. This is a thing we baboonfolk could never understand. I suppose it's because our brains are not sufficiently developed.

Well, anyway, I suppose they were just trying their best to carry out the law, which one of your wise men called "The Law of the Survival of the Fittest." If we had dared, we would have eaten up everything on that farm, but we had to be crafty, and scheme and think and plan to avoid being killed by its defenders. You see, it is a wonderful law of God that, unless we use our brains, they won't grow. If we could get all our wants supplied without any trouble or thinking, our race would very soon grow so stupid, silly, and degenerate that our enemies would very soon kill us all off—or else disease would. That's what occurs with you humanfolk. When everything you want is provided for you without any bother on your part, then you have no desire to use your brains, and you soon grow lazy and simple-minded. If I were a humanfolk father, I would make my children use their brains and their muscles, and feed them on plain nourishing foods, and make them all, both boys and girls, learn a trade or profession thoroughly. If I were rich, I wouldn't give them to understand they were going to get a heap of money when they grew up. I would tell them they must earn their own living.

SEEKING AFTER THE FLESH POTS

When boys grow up thinking that their father is going to make their lives easy for them they get into the habit

of enjoying themselves too freely ; and the so-called enjoyment is very often evil and sinful, and of course these habits build and fashion their characters, and they grow up with weakened brains and diseased bodies, and do much evil in the world by setting a bad example to others ; and by not doing those things which they ought to do, and leaving undone those things it is their duty to do.

Bother it all. I didn't mean to moralise when I started to tell my story, but sometimes my feelings overcome me when I ponder over the evils and the sin and the misery, which could be largely avoided, if we would only be less selfish, and work more for the good of the whole tribe, instead of just for ourselves. We baboonfolk, I know, are selfish in many ways, but you see you have bigger and better brains, and know more than we poor primitive folk. We nearly always do what our limited brains tell us is right and proper, and if we make mistakes, it is because we don't know any better. But it is different with you humanfolk, for a great number of you do evil things knowing them to be wrong, and yet you go on all your lives doing what you know and understand to be selfish, sinful, and bad.

SCARED OFF THE WOMENFOLK

The Boer farmer-man, whom I was talking about just now, was in the habit of riding off to a distant village with his sons every now and then. The Hottentot menfolk drove the cattle over a distant hill into a belt of bush-veld, where there was plenty of food and water for them. The women and children were left alone at the Homestead.

When we saw the menfolk go away, we were not so afraid, and would come down the rocks and watch the womenfolk cutting up apples, peaches, pumpkins, beans, and all kinds of things, which they dried and stored away for use during the winter months. We used to wonder what they

were cooking in those big, three-legged pots. Our curiosity grew and grew, and besides we hankered after the delicious fruit, which we saw in piles on mats. One day, headed by our leader, we approached much nearer than usual, and barked. We saw the womenfolk seemed afraid. Going nearer, they moved off towards the house. We sat and watched for a time and then went off. Next time the menfolk were away, we again came down from our rocky homes. This time we had made up our minds to see what was in those pots, and secure some of the fruit. So, when the business of cooking was in full swing, we advanced in a compact body, barking and pretending to be very savage and fierce, although most of us felt rather scared. When we saw the womenfolk run screaming into the house and shut up the doors and windows, we grew bolder, and with a rush we were amongst the pots. We never before had been told about fire, or anything so hot that it would burn. In our haste to see what was in the pots, many of us got severely burned. This frightened us a good deal, and some of our number ran off to the rocks. However, our leader didn't give the signal to retire, so most of us remained. We ate up the fruit, and stuffed as much into our cheeks as they would hold. When we made our first rush, we had tipped over the pots, and now the spilt contents had cooled, and didn't we just enjoy ourselves. Never before in our wildest dreams had we ever thought there could be anything so delicious. We ate up every scrap, and even the dirt which had got saturated with the liquid. We learned afterwards that the stuff was a mixture of fruit and sugar, which the womenfolk were making into jam.

The next time the menfolk went off, we didn't hesitate for a moment, but just trooped down the rocks and raided the orchard, and whatever we could lay hold of. We ate all we could, stuffed more into our cheek pouches, and carried away all we could carry in our arms. How we

chuckled and prided ourselves on our cleverness. We began to think after all the humanfolk weren't so very clever.

A PLOT THAT FAILED

All the same, we did not relax our vigilance. We keenly watched those humanfolk. We knew the old Boer would hatch out some plot against us for upsetting his household arrangements, but we couldn't think of anything which he could do. He couldn't get friends to assist him to assault us in our home, because he would have required at least a hundred men to have surrounded us.

One fine morning, from our rocky ledges, we saw two horses being led up to the stoep. Presently the Boer farmer and one of his sons came out, mounted and rode away. We watched them disappear over a distant hill. Our inexperienced young folk were wild with delight, and talked and jabbered about the good time they were going to have in the orchard, and speculated whether the old Vrouw would be making jam that day. If so, they would wait till it was well under weigh before frightening her off and securing it.

But in the midst of the excitement, up clamoured our old chief, followed by many wise councillors. We were all impatient to hear what he was going to say. We expected him to tell us to be patient for a time, and to keep quite silent to deceive the old Vrouw into thinking we were not in the neighbourhood.

But no. He slowly rose, and resting his hand upon a jutting rock, told us how a deep and deadly plot had been laid. "You see," said he, "you young folk are very simple —you cannot count. But I can, and so can some of the other wise men of our clan. We can count up to three. Only two people left the homestead and rode away. It is therefore quite clear there must be one left behind. See,

yonder are the womenfolk making preparations, as usual, for making preserves and jam. No man can be seen. He must be lying low inside the house, or elsewhere, with loaded guns. No, my people, we must not fall into that trap. Let us be content to go elsewhere and turn over the stones on the hillside for scorpions, beetles, spiders, and centipedes, and visit the adjacent mimosa trees and gather gum. I know of a clump of prickly pears, the fruit of which may, perchance, be ripe enough to eat. Let us away."

OUTWITTED

Creeping out from the crannies, crevices, and caves of the krantz which is our home, one bright cloudless morning, our attention was arrested by a loud grunt of satisfaction from our chief. Shading his eyes with his hand, he was carefully watching something which seemed to give him great pleasure, for his sour old visage looked quite pleasant. Looking in the direction in which he was gazing, we saw an old Hottentot lead three saddled horses up to the Dutchman's stoep. Presently three people came out, mounted, and rode off. "Hoch," shouted our leader, and we all cheered and capered with delight. Carefully watching until the three riders were out of sight, and waiting for an interval, meanwhile carefully searching the landscape in all directions to see if we could detect anything of a suspicious nature, we climbed down the krantz, and, creeping along, hid amongst the boulders, and waited. Presently the womenfolk came out of the farmhouse. They went to the orchard, spread out their mats, and began picking fruit. We waited long and patiently, until the jam, preserves, and syrup were just about cooked. Then creeping along, we issued forth into the open, and with terrific barks and much chattering, we advanced slowly. The women began to scream and wave their big aprons, and throw firebrands

and stones. Advancing steadily on we paid no heed, expecting them to rush off and lock themselves in the house. When we were about twenty yards distant, and all in a dense mass, fearing nothing, we saw the human womenfolk suddenly drop to their knees, and before we could turn and flee, a volley was poured into our ranks. The weapons were big muzzle-loading roers, which had been loaded with loopers and slugs. Snatching up a second supply of guns, another volley raked us as we turned to run. Dashing off in frantic haste, tumbling over each other in wildest panic, two men sprang from a brushwood-covered pit, and fired amongst us. Again they raked us with a second discharge.

THE RESULT

I shudder with horror, and cold icy feelings circulate through my marrow, and my skin feels cold and clammy when I think of the awfulness of that experience. Turning to look as I fled, I saw the humanfolk ramming fresh charges down their guns. They then advanced, and, pursuing those of our folk who had been badly wounded and were hobbling off, shot them dead. I saw our old leader painfully hobbling away, with a leg dragging helplessly, and blood streaming from his face and neck. Seeing a Boer overtaking him, he faced about, and with a fierce bark shuffled toward him. The Dutchman fired, but just as he pulled the trigger, our chief stumbled and fell, and the charge of slugs swept over him, except one or two which tore great rents along his back, for I saw the blood spurt out. With a roar of rage, he was up and at his foe. The Boer was taken by surprise, for, when our chief fell, he thought he was dead. However, the Boer people are strong and brave. He clubbed his gun and dealt our chief a smashing blow. We saw them close in a deadly

grip, and roll over and over. Presently the other Dutchman ran up, and, putting the muzzle of his gun to our chief's head, blew out his brains. From high up on the hill we saw the other humanfolk gather around and carry their friend away to the house. We don't know if he was dead. Anyway, he must have been badly wounded, for our leader had powerful eye teeth, with grooves down the front of them, like a cobra's fangs.

Many of those of us who escaped were more or less wounded. Some pined and died.

HOW THE PLOT WAS LAID

It was foolish for us to have been so conceited as to think we knew more than the humanfolk. But there are plenty of you humanfolk who are just as conceited. Why, most of you think you know more than your wise men, and actually make fun of them. Long ago, when your wise men told you that the locusts would increase and eat up the grass and the crops and bring ruin upon great numbers of you, they were laughed at. When they tell you how the cattle and other plagues are spread, you know better than they, and won't follow their advice—and you suffer the consequences.

Well, now, about that plot. It seems the crafty old Boer had sat on his stoep and smoked and imbibed strong coffee night after night, busy thinking, thinking, thinking. One night he suddenly began puffing with all his might at his pipe, which happened to be a hollow mealie cob, or rather a portion of one, with a reed for a stem. Draining his big mug of black coffee, he called lustily to his family.

Then, when all were comfortably settled, with steaming mugs of coffee before them, he told them of a plot he had hatched out. "To-morrow you, Hendrik, must saddle up and ride off to Piet Marten's farm, and ask him to ride

over with his three sons after dark to-morrow night—mind you don't let him come till after dark. You can accompany him. You won't mind, I know, for you are always sneaking off, anyhow, on all kinds of excuses, to see his strapping lass, Sannie."

"Early to-morrow morning tell Jan to saddle up the three horses, and bring them round to the stoep at the usual time.

"Tell Betta, Marie, and Esther I want them to dress in suits of our clothes to-morrow morning, and mount the horses and ride away, just as we always do. Dig a pit to-night and cover it with branches and grass. Two of us will hide in it to-morrow morning. The rest of us will dress up in the women's clothes and go out at the usual time and pretend to busy ourselves picking fruit and preparing it. Get out all our guns, load them each with a double charge of powder, and put in plenty of loopers and slugs, and lay them down in the orchard, close to where we shall be picking fruit, so as to be handy to pick up when those artful Baviaans come along." Then the old man gave a huge chuckle, drank his coffee, knocked the ashes out of his mealie-cob pipe, and went to bed.

You all know how that villainous plot worked.

ADAM AND EVE

My home used to be a huge krantz overlooking the Valley of Desolation, near Graaff Reinet, in Cape Colony.

You see, the farmer people of those parts grow delicious fruit, and especially grapes. These grapes tasted nicer than what you call nectar. Then there were mealies, melons, pumpkins, and lots of other things which the farmerfolk grow on their farms. We baboonfolk are a great trouble to those farmers. We have the same weakness which you humanfolk are cursed with. That is, we hanker

Photo by W. Roe

A scene in the Valley of Desolation at Graaff Reinet, Cape Colony. The home of a clan of Baboonfolk.

after forbidden fruit, and if we get a taste of it, we want more and more. One of you human womenfolk who lived long ago, and who dwelt in a garden with a manfolk known as Adam, was allowed to help herself to everything in that garden, except the fruit of one tree. Of course her curiosity was excited, and she hankered after a taste of that forbidden fruit. The desire haunted her, and it grew and grew and grew, until her life became a misery, and a sort of mania got hold of her, and she went and ate a lot of that fruit, and gave some to her friend Adam. When her conscience began to trouble her, she blamed a vile serpent for tempting her, and Adam too tried to sneak out of being blamed by saying that Eve gave him the fruit, and that he didn't take it himself. Well, anyhow, the consequences were banishment to the wilderness for both of them.

BABOON ADAMS AND EVES

Well, that's just what has happened with our folk. I don't know whether it was one of our Adam folk or an Eve who first ate of the forbidden fruit, but anyhow that makes no difference, for the consequences would have been the same. Our folk are now banished to the wild, barren wildernesses of South Africa, where we have got to earn our living by the sweat of our brows, in the shape of painfully digging the hard ground with our fingers for bulbs, roots, and worms. We have to climb the mimosa trees for gum, and hunt through the bush-veld for wild fruits, berries, and sweet bark. In addition, our lives are not safe for an instant, for we never know when the farmer-men will surprise and kill us.

All this has befallen us because we partook of forbidden fruit.

You see, it happened like this, with my particular clan. Farmerfolk came trekking along with their cattle and sheep

and families, and built houses. Then they began to cut down the bushes which had provided us with wild fruits and berries, and ploughed up all the best land where we got most of our bulbs and roots. They sowed seed in this land. When the plants grew and bore fruit, we from afar were curious, and our curiosity grew and grew. Our wise men counselled us not to go near those farmerfolk, for they had heard tales from other far-distant baboonfolk of what a terrible people they were, if their anger were aroused. We couldn't see any harm in just going along to have a look, and examine those curious stalks and things which grew in their gardens.

Anyway we talked it over, and from day to day our desire grew and grew. We couldn't stand it any longer, so one day five of us sneaked off at daybreak and made for the garden. Of course, when we got there we couldn't resist just tasting the fruit. That was our downfall. It tasted more delicious than anything within our experience. We simply lost our wits, and ate till we couldn't eat any more of that sweet corn, which was young and milky. Your folk call this corn, mealies, maize, or Indian corn. We gathered as much as we could carry, and made off to our home with it.

ADAM IS TEMPTED, AND FALLS

When we got home all our folk gathered around us and wanted to take what we had from us, but we hadn't any intention of giving such delicious food away. We intended to store it in a niche in the rocks, and guard it till we were hungry enough to eat it all up. Just when we were squabbling and wrangling and forcibly telling all and sundry to go and get some for themselves, if they wanted it, from the farmer's garden, up stalked our chief. A grizzled old fellow was he, with huge yellow teeth, great

hulking shoulders like those of a prize-fighter, and a mane. When he learned that we had secretly visited the farmer's garden, and that we had actually brought away a lot of food from it, he gave a great roar of rage and sprang at us. He seized me with one hand, and one of my friends with another. Holding me down with his feet, which are just like hands, he spanked my friend most unmercifully, and bit him in several places. Of course, our chief if he had liked, could have killed us with a couple of nips, but the death penalty is only inflicted for rank rebellion against his authority. When he desires to punish severely, he nips with his teeth, but doesn't tear the skin. When he thought my friend had got enough punishment, he let him go, and then I got my share. When we had retreated to a safe distance, our chief picked up one of the mealie cobs I had dropped and smelt it. Then he ripped off some of the cover, and hesitated for a second or two. Then he nibbled a little. The taste of those sweet milky mealies was too much for him. He ripped off the leaves, and munched the entire mealie, cob and all, grunting all the time in an excess of pleasure. He didn't stop until he had eaten up the lot, which my friend and I had dropped when he grabbed us.

Thus did Adam fall.

THE CONSEQUENCES

Well, I am afraid our old Adam's conscience didn't prick him at all, for early the next morning he posted a trusty sentry, and led the way to the mealie gardens. We feasted as before, and carried away as many cobs as we could. No more sour berries and wild fruits for us, so long as we could get such delicious food. It was indeed a land of promise we had discovered. How we loved those farmerfolk for providing us with such sumptuous food. We hoped they wouldn't go away.

No, these farmers didn't go away. But they went for us, and the consequences are we have been banished to the barren wilderness, and can only return to our old home as outlaws, liable to be shot at any moment.

I am told the baboonfolk all over South Africa couldn't resist tasting of the forbidden fruit of the farmers' gardens, and the hand of the humanfolk is now against all our clan. Many of us have learned to keep right away from the habitations of man, where we are free from temptation. I must say the farmerfolk don't persecute us unless we trouble them; but when we do, there's always trouble. I remember long ago, the Field Cornet ordered out a commando of farmers, and they organised an attack upon us in our rocky homes. They only managed to kill a few of us, because we had a secret path among the rocky hills and krantzes along which we escaped.

A MOTOR-CAR INCIDENT

One day about fifty of us were gathering ants on a road, which the humanfolk had cut out of the side of a bush-covered hill. Our sentinel was perched up on top of an aloe—the kind you get the juice from which you make into pills. Without the least warning, a great thing which you call a motor-car dashed right amongst us. Just as it was upon us, our sentry's loud cry of alarm rang out. None of us had heard the thing coming, because the wind was blowing strongly in the direction it was approaching. We had never seen one of these puffing, snorting things before, and our terror was extreme. There were two women and two men in the car, and when in our fright several of us leapt upon the car to save ourselves from being crushed to death, there was a real sensation. The men shouted hoarsely and the women screamed like steam whistles. It was all over in a few moments, for we don't lose our presence

of mind for long. Vanishing into the bush we made off to our rocky retreat. After that experience, whenever we went ant-collecting on the road, we posted a sentry at each side, so as to have a good view along the road in both directions.

CAPTURED

My clan live in the rocky hills not far from Grahamstown in the Cape of Good Hope. When raiding a mealie field, our clan was outflanked, some of our people were killed, and several of the children were captured. I was one of those children. Our sentinel gave the alarm, alas! too late. My mother hurried me along, helping me every now and then, and lifting me over obstacles. I was too big for her to carry all the time. In her anxiety to save me, she lost her own life, because she lagged behind refusing to desert me. I saw her throw up her arms and fall. Then blood ran from her mouth. Partly rising she pushed me from her, and signed to me to run. Then she quivered and gasped, and with a shudder she died. My grief was so great, I threw my arms round her neck and tried to get her to show some sign she was not dead. I saw a farmer coming, but I wouldn't leave my mother, even though she were dead. Well, I was captured and taken away to a farm. A dog's collar was strapped round my loins, and I was chained up. I was treated very kindly, and soon grew to love the farmer's children. I made friends with the dogs and the cats, and even the fowls and ducks. I became so tame that the children used to let me loose every now and then, and we played hide-and-seek and all kinds of lovely games. I would have been allowed to run about all the time, but you see, somehow, we baboonfolk are so very inquisitive that we cannot leave things alone. If we see anything strange we want to find out all about it.

Well, it doesn't do when you live with humanfolk, because they keep so many wonderful things which break easily.

SOME OF MY DOINGS

One day I was spying around when the children were busy with their governess. I smelt a delightful smell, which made me really hungry. I traced the smell to the kitchen, and soon found it came from a pot on the stove. I couldn't get a peep into the pot anyhow, because the stove was hot and burned me when I put my hand upon it. Seeing a handle sticking out, I hopped up, thinking it would support me. Well, it seems that handle belonged to the saucepan, and of course the pot overbalanced and toppled over. It contained a stew, and the simmering stuff gushed out all over the stove and down to the floor. Some splashed on to me, but not very much I am glad to say. What did fall on me was quite sufficient, for three or four big patches of hair came off, and the places were raw and sore for two weeks afterwards.

I often used to see the lady of the house pour a lot of milk into a big pan and set it on a shelf. Then, next day, she would skim a lot of yellow stuff off it. It sorely puzzled me to know how that yellow stuff came to gather on the milk. Besides, I had tasted some one day, and it was delicious. Perhaps that was what really prompted me to do what I did. When the folk were at their breakfast, I climbed the shelf and sat on the rim of the dish. Just as I leaned down to have a closer view of the yellow cream, and I suppose to lick some of it, my weight tipped the dish. To prevent myself falling, I leaned farther forward, but the extra weight and push on the rim made matters worse, for the whole dish of milk tilted forward and drenched me from the head to the tip of my tail. Of course I fell with a crash to the floor, with the pan and the milk.

After a few more such trifling incidents, my master's good lady declared I must be chained up all the time, except when somebody was specially looking after me.

A BABOON VOERLOOPER

As time went by, I grew big and strong. My master said I was now too big for the children to play with, and that I must make myself useful. He said that when he was in the Transvaal he was staying at the farmstead of a Back-veld Boer. That crafty Dutchman had trained one of our folk to lead a span of oxen. My master said he would make me do likewise. He did. It didn't take long to train me. I very soon learned by watching the small Kafir boys leading the oxen. So I became a professional voerlooper. A voerlooper is a leader of a team of oxen. There is a touw of softened ox-hide, the ends of which are fastened to the heads of the two leading oxen of the team. The voerlooper holds this touw in the centre, and leads the oxen wherever the driver-man directs him.

My master taught me the meaning of various signs and words, so that when we came to any branch road he would tell me by a sign or a certain word whether to keep straight on or turn. I knew ever so many signals and sounds so that I could stop the team, make them trot, go slow, turn, make a wide detour, and many other things, just by sign or word from my master.

I rather liked this life. It was so free. As a rule, I held the touw between my teeth. When I tired of that way, I held it with one hand, and hobbled comfortably along on a hand and two legs. We baboonfolk can walk on our hind legs alone, but not for far at a time. We are just learning. By-and-by we may be able to do so, like you humanfolk. Some of our cousins, who are called gorillas and chimpanzees,

can walk and stand upright, but they too soon grow tired, and have to use one or both hands.

VARIOUS EXPERIENCES

When it was time to give the oxen a rest, and to allow them to feed, I would squat down and watch the Kafirs make a fire and cook the porridge, which I always shared. Sometimes when my master accompanied us I would dine with him. While the Kafirs lay on their backs basking in the sun or else smoking a poisonous weed known as "Dagga," which was brought to our country ages ago from India, I would explore the neighbourhood for berries, fruits, bulbs, and insects.

A fox terrier dog was a great friend of mine, and we two would hunt around together. Sometimes he would chase an animal into a tree, and I would climb up after it, and bring it down to him, or else frighten it so that it would jump down.

Once the terrier caught and killed a hare, which I carried back to the wagon. I took it back through idle curiosity, but my master thought I had specially brought it back for him. He praised and flattered me, and, what was better, he gave me a handful of dried apples. So next time the terrier killed an animal I brought it along. My master again rewarded me. So after that I always tried to capture something for myself, or else encourage my friend to do so. My master used to brag to all his friends about my cleverness. I really believe I am clever, though.

One day my little friend the terrier cornered an animal you call a Muishond or Stink Cat. Scientific fellows call him *Zorilla striata*. We both rushed on him together, but the little rascal sent a spray of some vile-smelling fluid over us. I couldn't stand it, and retired. My terrier friend, however, rushed in, for his blood was up. After a

A Muishond or Stink Cat, which scientific fellows call *Zorilla striata*. When angry or frightened he squirts out an essence which smells like a combination of decaying cabbages, putrid flesh, and musk. This is his weapon of defence against his enemies. (One-eighth natural size.)

Typical South African Scorpions. These are the fellows who lurk under stones, and whom we Baboonfolk capture and eat. They have a venomous sting at the end of the tail. We nip it off before popping the scorpion into our mouth. (One-third natural size.)

fight he killed the muishond. But, great Cicero! didn't he just smell. Have you ever smelt musk? Well, try to imagine musk and incense, the smell of putrefying cabbages, and a lot of other evil-smelling things all mixed together, and you will have a slight idea of what that Stink Cat's perfume was like.

We rolled in the dry dust and in the grass, but the smell wouldn't come off. I felt sick, just as you folk feel when you are on a ship, and the sea is very rough. My chum seemed quite chirpy, and said he didn't mind the smell much. He was used to smells. In fact it was his business in life to smell out things.

BACK TO THE WAGON

I thought, however, that my master might like the muishond; so I seized his tail, and dragged his body to the wagon. My master was lying on his back smoking a pipe, and the Kafirs were telling each other very tall yarns about the number of cattle they possessed, and the number of wives they were going to buy when they settled down. With a volley of ejaculations, the Kafirs started up and scattered. My master hastily climbed up into the wagon and yelled at us to "Voertzik," which means to "clear out," or go away. Well, anyhow, after my master and the Kafirs had abused us from a distance, one of the latter held his nose with his fingers, made a rush, seized the muishond and flung it away into the long grass.

My chum and I had to eat our meals by ourselves for a week or more after that. In addition we had to sleep out in the cold at night because the Kafirs refused to let us creep in under the tarpaulin-covered wagon, where they slept at night. Gradually the smell wore off, and we were again admitted to human society.

Really, though, I am not exaggerating one little bit, as

those of you will know who have tackled a Stink Cat, and got sprayed with his perfume.

WE VISITED A TOWN

The first time we visited a town I was much alarmed. I didn't know before that the humanfolk lived in great clans. I got scared when the dogs began to rush out and bark at me. I soon learned how to frighten them off. Whenever one got a bit cheeky, I just bared my teeth, erected my mane, and pretended to rush at him. Few of them could stand that. Once a bulldog tackled me, but my master and others came running up and dragged us apart. Another time a great mastiff made a rush at me. I knew I should stand no chance against so huge a brute, so I sprang upon the back of one of the leading oxen and clung on until the driver chased my foe away.

The humanfolk used to come out of their houses and stare at me. They thought it a wonderful thing to see one of the baboonfolk actually voerlooping oxen. Whenever we stopped, the children would throw sweets to me. Some more courageous than the rest came up and made friends. I soon got used to passing through towns and villages.

I have now been a voerlooper for several years on and off. Sometimes my master takes me home to his farm and I have a holiday for a couple of months. Good-bye, dear friends, I have told you the story of my life.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

The humanfolk fellow whose picture is at the front of this book of stories of us baboonfolk, heard, somehow, that I had a story worth telling. He sent a wireless message along to me, which was propelled from his brain. The

thought waves penetrated down into my brain and set certain grey brain cells into violent motion, and my story unwound itself from my brain and flew to him. It wasn't necessary for me to actually go into his presence. There is a strange power which some of the humanfolk possess, by which they can focus their minds and get them connected up with another brain, even thousands of miles away. The inspiration came to me, and I told about the time when the humanfolk in this country began quarrelling among themselves. Their wise men tried to make peace, but the quarrel had gone too far. You see, the humanfolk are just like us animalfolk. When their brain gets heated they want to fight. So they began fighting with each other. The animal parts of the humanfolk's brains haven't been half bred out yet. When their brains are more highly evolved, the various clans, which you call nations, will settle their differences without first murdering thousands of each other, making hosts of widows and orphans, and upsetting the business of the whole country.

We baboonfolk, it is true, look upon other clans of baboonfolk as enemies. But it is because we don't know any better. Our brains are not sufficiently developed yet to reason out things and come to a mutual agreement with each other when any of the unwritten laws of the baboonfolk are broken. We don't know any better, so we just follow the promptings of our low, animal instincts and fight fiercely. When the humanfolk fight and quarrel, and bear malice and say spiteful things about each other, they are giving way to the promptings of their animal instincts which they have inherited from the apefolk.

HOW WE SCARED THE ROOI-NEKS

When the humanfolk were doing their best to kill others of their kind, whom they have never even seen let alone

quarrelled with, a regiment of English soldiers, whom the Boer people called Rooi-neks, because of their fiery-red sunburned necks, were told to climb up to the top of a great kop, or hill, and build upon it a rough stone fort and other shelters. Now, the top of that kop belonged to the clan of which I am chief. From behind the great boulders we watched those khaki-clad humanfolk painfully climbing up the steep rock-studded hill. It took them two weary hours to do what we have, thousands of times, accomplished in ten minutes. But then, of course, the muscles of the humanfolk are stiff and weak with eating too much food, and living a lazy life in cities.

I gave orders to my clan to silently steal away and hide in the crevices and bushes on the opposite side of the mountain. We gave out not a sound, and there was no sign of our nearness to those Rooi-nek trespassers. I laid my plans carefully, and when the darkness had covered the land, I ordered the clan to spread around in a circle, so as to completely surround the soldierfolk. Each individual was told to carefully hide himself behind a rock, so that he would be safe against the bullets of our enemies. When all was ready I gave the signal in a loud voice. Instantly it was taken up, and the rocks echoed and re-echoed with the shouts of the whole clan. Then they began to chatter excitedly, and rolled stones down into the camp of the soldierfolk. What a terrible scare we did give them, to be sure. The soldierfolk knew nothing about us baboonfolk or our ways, and of course they imagined they were attacked by the Boers. Bugles sounded, men shouted orders, dim forms darted behind boulders and into shelters, like rabbits bolting down their burrows. I commanded my clan to be silent and cease rolling stones. Then all was still. Not a sound, other than the chirping of night insects, and the booming of the bullfrogs in a distant pool could be heard.

The soldiers, thinking the Boers were silently creeping down upon them, opened fire and blazed away at the rocks for hours. We hadn't reckoned on stirring up such a row. We were more terrified than those Rooi-neks who thought their last hour had come. The ping of the bullets on the rocks, and the dull thud of others in the earth, and the singing noise they made over our heads, as well as the flashes of fire from the guns, appalled us. We were benumbed with fear. We dared not move, for we had sense enough to know that when a gun went off something hard flew through the air, and if we happened to be in a line with it we might get hurt or killed. We had learned all that by bitter experience from the Boer farmers.

It seems there was an old Hottentot mule driver in the soldiers' camp. He sought out the officer in charge and said, " Baas, don't be angry with me for speaking, but those are not Boers around us. They are baboons. If you don't believe me, I am willing to go out with a gun and drive them off. When they see me they will perhaps want to attack me, but when I shoot they will all rush off in terror. They are dreadfully afraid of a man with a gun."

The Hottentot was allowed to go. Our eyes are very keen and we saw him coming, and silently crept away, for the soldiers had ceased firing. How thankful we were when we had reached the foot of that mountain. We scared those soldierfolk, but we got scared just as badly ourselves. Three of our folk were wounded by the bullets, but they were only flesh wounds which healed very quickly.

WE PUNISHED HIM SEVERELY

I am a baboon boy, and my age is two years and five months next July. I was captured when I was a year and a half old. We were out in the veld digging up bulbs, and were cut off from our mountain home by three menfolk

and some dogs. Many of my folk were shot and killed and I was overtaken by the dogs and captured. The dogs would have killed me, but the menfolk came up just in time to save my life. I was sent to the Port Elizabeth museum. They put me into a nice cosy cage with four other young baboons, two of whom were about six months older than I am; one was my age, and the other was only a year and a half old.

A man used to come into our cage every day to clean it, and give us fresh water and food. The youngest of us, whom we were very fond of because of his loving ways, used to climb all over the man when he came into the cage. One day when he was cleaning out the cage, our little chum climbed on to his back when he was stooping, and playfully pulled his hair and ears. He, somehow, either pinched the man's ear, or pulled it too hard, and the man was in a bad temper anyhow, as could be seen by his face. Anyway, he struck our little friend severely on the head with his hand, sending him headlong to the floor, where he lay screaming. Our tempers rose instantly at this gross cruelty, and, without hesitating for a single second, we pounced upon that cruel man. I sprang upon his head, another got him by the neck, a third round one leg, and the fourth by the other leg. We were not very strong, nor were our teeth large, but we bit and scratched him severely. He bawled out with all his might, and struck out at us and did his best to shake us off. We clung to him like leeches, until two of his friends came and rescued him.

We baboonfolk are not vindictive or treacherous. We like fair play, and we hate bullies. Besides, we are always ready to risk death to help any of our clan who may be in danger.

HE DESERVED THE VICTORIA CROSS

I am the mother of a little baboon girl who has been carried into captivity by a farmer-man. It nearly broke my heart to lose my child. My friends have consoled me much by telling me that the humanfolk treat us very kindly when they keep us in captivity. I hope and pray that whoever may have my little girl are kindly folk, for I couldn't bear to think that she was being half-starved, teased, and otherwise ill-treated.

One fine sunshiny morning I went with my clan to a mealie field. The mealies were nearly ripe, and in just the condition we like best for eating. We swept the landscape in all directions with our keen eyes, but saw nothing to arouse suspicion. Posting a trusty sentry, we cautiously entered the field, and were busy eating mealies and collecting others to carry away to our homes, when the warning signal of our sentry rang out, repeated again and again, to warn us the danger was great, and that we must not delay a single second. We instantly made off towards the nearest patch of dense thorny bush. Thinking my little girl was with the rest of us as we ran for cover, I raced along until I had reached the thicket. Glancing back I saw a farmer-man ride round the corner of the patch of bush, but he was too late to cut us off.

Just at that instant shrill cries of terror reached our ears from the mealie field. My blood grew cold and seemed to freeze in my veins, for the cries were those of my child. I turned to rush back to her rescue, but was instantly seized by our brave leader, who, with a hasty command to the others to prevent me following, dashed across the open space straight for my dear little one, who was running to and fro, screaming piteously. The farmer-man could easily have shot our leader whilst he was racing

to the rescue, but curiosity overcame him, and he watched. In breathless suspense we, too, watched. I was overcome with terror and suspense. There stood the farmer-man with his gun ready to shoot, in such a position that our chief was obliged to pass within fifty paces of him.

Seizing my child in his arms and holding it close to his breast with one hand, our noble chief made straight for the bush. Suddenly the farmer-man rode forward, and getting within thirty paces of our brave leader, he raised his gun to shoot. Quick as thought, our chief drew my child round to his side, and half-turning received the full charge of loopers in his right side and back. With an agonising cry, he lurched forward and fell headlong. Rising, he staggered a pace but again fell. With a last dying effort he seemed to be trying to induce my child to run, but she was too terrified, and clung tightly to his neck. Seizing her by the back of the neck, the farmer-man thrust her into a bag and carried her off.

We do not blame that farmer-man for we know he hates our tribe, because we take his mealies and his fruit, but that man must have been truly very stony-hearted to have shot down one of our folk whilst performing an act which only the noblest and bravest of you humanfolk would attempt. If that had been a battlefield, and one of your folk had rushed out across an open field, right in the face of the enemy, to rescue a child, the whole world would have been ringing with the account of the noble deed. But alas! we are only baboonfolk, and we don't count. We are only animals, and we haven't any feelings—so many of you think. But you are wrong all the same.

WE ARE NOT WILFULLY CRUEL

Many of you humanfolk say we are cruel and bloodthirsty, because we often kill your dogs. You are altogether

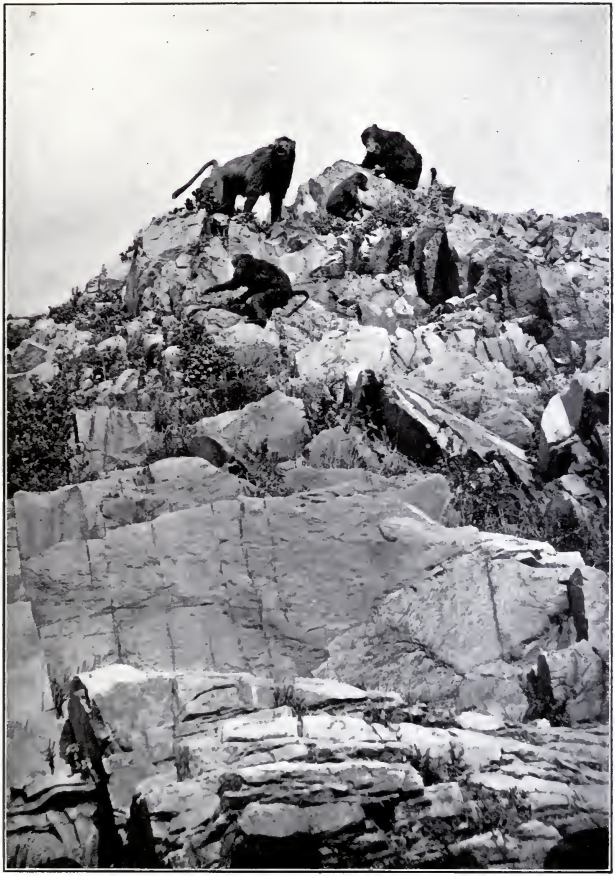
wrong. We only fight for our lives. We have more sense than you think. We know full well that it would be madness to try to withstand an attack made by humanfolk armed with guns when we only have our teeth as weapons. We know quite well the degree of our strength, and the razor-like sharpness of our big eye teeth, and who can blame us if, when your dogs pursue us intent upon destroying us or our children, that we turn upon them and kill them. Dogs, somehow, seem to lose all discretion when they pursue our folk. They simply lose their heads, and rush headlong after us. We watch our opportunity, and when we see one away in advance of the rest, our chief just drops somewhat behind, and as the dog rushes madly along, he grips him, and with hands and feet holds him fast until he fixes his huge teeth in the dog's throat. Then with a mighty tug, the miserable victim is thrust away and the sharp teeth cut their way out through muscle, windpipe, and jugular vein. There is a torrent of blood and the dog is dead. At other times the victim's loins are torn open. The wounds, I know, are ghastly in the extreme. We realise that it is a fight to the death, and that either the dog must die, or else our folk, so we bite to kill. You humanfolk should think yourselves lucky we don't attack you, for we have chances every day, when you are unarmed; but we never trouble you in this way, although any one of our leaders could easily kill one of your strongest men in combat, if both were unarmed. I would warn you never to be too daring when attacking us, for, if any of our warriors are cornered or wounded, and if you are so foolish as to approach, then you will as likely as not have your throats torn out and perish miserably. It seems a cruel world this of ours. It is so ordained that in order that some may live, others must die. It is so from the highest to the lowest. Humanfolk quarrel, and the various clans, which you call nations, fight and kill tens of thousands of

each other just because a few of your leaders grow jealous of each other, or have a private quarrel. Even the very microbes wage war upon each other. Why ! even for food we eat up each other. Our folk devour the poor innocent scorpions and centipedes, who but seek to lead humble lives under stones, or in decaying wood. You humanfolk rear animals and then kill them, and eat their flesh. I suppose there will come a time when we shall understand the reasons for all these things.

HOW WE OUTWIT THE HUMANFOLK

We are quite aware that the humanfolk are constantly planning and scheming to outwit us, so we do the same. We hold committee meetings, and talk over ways and means. The clan to which I am attached is a large one. We have learned a great deal by bitter experience or by the misfortunes of our neighbours. We now know it is far too risky to invade a mealie garden all in a body, because, if we happen to be outflanked, a good number of us would be killed or wounded. Besides, even if we were warned by our sentries in time, the distance is usually too great for us to make off with an armful of mealie cobs, so we are obliged to drop them and run full speed, for the humanfolk often are mounted on swift horses, and we baboonfolk are very awkward on level ground, and can easily be overtaken. When we are amongst the rocks then we defy both dogs and men, as we can travel at a great rate, and have ample shelter when the humanfolk start to shoot at us.

After much thought and meditation a brilliant idea occurred to me. I am the leader of my clan, so I summoned the wise men of the tribe and we sat in solemn conclave. Sitting upon a rock, I addressed them as follows : " Gentlemen of the Baboonfolk Parliament,—You are aware that the humanfolk are a race of no mean order. They are



Baboonfolk on the top of a rocky hill which is known in South Africa as a kop.

possessed of brains of considerable size, and they have schools in which wise people teach them many kinds of things. They have weapons of destruction which we are unable to either use or make. They are a people of great resource. If they are outwitted in one way, they quickly devise a means of turning the tables upon their enemies. There are many wise men amongst them. These wise men study Nature. They know all our ways and habits. They are learning new things every day. We must therefore be wary. Information comes to hand from time to time of how they have encompassed the destruction of our people in distant parts of the land. I submit, it is now too risky to boldly penetrate their mealie fields as of yore. The last time we did so a new surprise was sprung upon us. The humanfolk had dug pits in the mealie gardens whilst we slept. Men hid themselves in these pits before we were astir in the morning. Others covered the pits over so cleverly, that even our practised eyes were deceived. When we were busy eating mealies and collecting cobs to take home a volley of loopers was poured into us, with the direst results. As you know I was stricken down myself, but managed to crawl away and hide in a bush. It was long before I recovered from my wounds. No, my friends, it is not enough that we post sentries. We have a clever enemy to deal with. I have a plan. It is not, however, without some element of danger, but the danger will not be for all. It will be confined to the few. Those few will volunteer for the dangerous duty.

THE PROPOSAL

"I propose to select a spot at the far corner of the mealie field, adjacent to the mimosa bush and rocky, bush-covered, broken country, where the humanfolk can penetrate only with extreme difficulty. The members of our clan will

spread themselves out within touch of each other in a single line reaching from the bush to the mealie garden. I will enter the mealie field accompanied by two or three experienced friends. We will rapidly collect the mealie cobs and pass them on to the nearest baboon. He, in turn, will without delay pass the cobs on to his neighbour, who will do likewise.

"In this way the provender will be rapidly passed along the entire line and taken charge of by those at the far end. If no danger threatens, well and good. We all retire silently, collect the cobs, and make for home. If we should be surprised, then, being unencumbered by mealie cobs, we can make good our escape, and seize the cobs as we enter the bush. Even if the enemy should steal upon us unawares, it will be those in the mealie garden who will suffer most. The others will have a lesser distance to run for shelter. If a pack of dogs should attack us, we will keep them at bay until the rest of the clan have retreated to safety. If it be necessary that we should be called upon to sacrifice our lives for the clan, then we must be ready to do it willingly and cheerfully. It is better that a few should perish, than allow the clan to run the risk of meeting with a grave disaster. Besides, we, as the leading men of the clan, should be prepared to take the lead and accept the post of danger. I have spoken."

Well, we duly carried the scheme into effect. It worked grandly. Three times have we succeeded. We are not so foolish, however, as to carry out this dodge every time on the same mealie garden. We sometimes make excursions for many miles, and make a sudden and unexpected descent upon a mealie patch belonging to a distant farmer.

Besides, we vary our plan a good deal, as well as the time.

We are not nearly so careful when we rob the Kafirs' gardens. We are fully aware that few of them possess

guns, and those who have them rarely hit us when they shoot. In fact, we often make a raid in broad daylight. There is instantly a hue and cry. The Kafirs seize their assegais and knob-kerries and rush with their dogs to give us battle. Hastily tearing off all the mealies we can, we make off. Our strong men fall to the rear, and if any dog should be so venturesome as to approach too near, he quickly loses his life. A strong warrior baboon plays greater havoc amongst a pack of dogs than does a lion or a leopard. One of our leaders is a match for any two large dogs. He will keep at bay a whole pack of the ordinary Kafir dog type. A full-sized baboon is as large as a mastiff or a wolf. His arm, chest, neck, and shoulder muscles are enormous. Being able to use his four limbs like you do your arms, and having such great teeth, he is a foe of no mean order.

THE HUMAN WOMENFOLK

Most of us are not a bit afraid of the human womenfolk. We have learned from experience that they will rarely show fight. Away out on the lonely farms the womenfolk dare not venture into our haunts. Knowing they will not fight, we advance upon them, and by barking, erecting our mane, and showing our teeth, we terrify them almost to death. Sometimes some of our folk chase them and tear their clothes. Our womenfolk are very vindictive, and sometimes have done them serious injury. You cannot blame them. Your womenfolk would do the same, I daresay, under similar circumstances. The menfolk kill us and our children, on every possible occasion, and also capture and enslave numbers of our people. It is, therefore, natural that we should look upon all of you as our bitterest enemies.

The womenfolk fear us so much that they rarely go into

the rocky kloofs, or to the pools for water, without the escort of a man or a boy armed with a gun.

The Kafir women we utterly despise, and when they go down to the springs for water we frequently chase them. Their screams, however, soon attract the men, who come rushing up with their terrible assegais and kerries.

We are beginning to get rather afraid of the white womenfolk, because we have found out they are not all harmless. Some of them are bold and daring, and even venture out after us with guns.

One day we got a terrible fright. Two white womenfolk, whom we had badly frightened one day when they were gathering wild flowers, which are so plentiful and so beautiful in our country, came again down the valley. They sat down upon a carpet of soft green grass by a sparkling spring, and began reading books. We stole along the edge of the krantz, and silently climbed down, hiding as much as possible behind boulders. Then, suddenly advancing out into the open, we set up a chorus of barks, and shouted all kinds of annoying things in baboon language. In an instant the books were dropped, and with feelings of horror we caught the glint of the shiny barrels of two rifles. We scrambled off to the nearest shelter, but these womenfolk opened fire, and continued making targets of our folk until we had climbed right round the corner of the krantz. Two of our folk were killed, and three were wounded, one of whom died two days later. Never again did we take any liberties with the white womenfolk. We baboonfolk often wonder why the white womenfolk are so stupid as not to learn how to use those dreaded guns and pistols which wise men have made. I am perfectly sure if we knew how to make such weapons, or could get them and learn how to use them we would teach every one of our womenfolk, and even our boys and girls, how to handle them.

HOW I REARED A HUMANFOLK BABY

I was taken captive by a farmer-man when I was quite a little girl. My master lived away in the Back-veld of Rhodesia. One of the servants had a dear little baby. I was often allowed to take him into my arms and nurse him. The baby's father was a good man, except when he drank a kind of poison, of which he was very fond. It seemed to change his nature entirely, because he became quarrelsome, and used low, filthy language, and all that was bad in him seemed to flare up. The stuff he drank was called alcohol. One of the whitefolk, who kept a Kafir store a few miles from our farm, sold him this poison.

One day, when the man was drunk, he quarrelled with his wife, and accused her of things she was quite innocent of. Then he seemed to lose control of himself, and, picking up a hatchet, he split the poor woman's skull, right before my eyes. I leapt upon him and fastened my teeth in his neck. It was lucky I did leap upon him just at that instant, for his arm was uplifted to deal a death-blow to the poor little infant, who was lying on his murdered mother's breast. My master and the others came to my rescue, and secured the maniac. He was taken to Salisbury and, I was told, he was hanged.

Well, the question arose as to what should be done with the baby. My master was a bachelor, living with his brother. The other servants were men. My master had evidently been giving the matter very serious thought, for, the morning after the murder, he brought the baby out and gave it me to nurse, as he had often seen its poor mother do. He watched for a time, and talked to me a lot in humanfolk language. I didn't know just exactly all he said, but by a kind of telepathy between his brain and mine, I knew all the sense of what he was saying. He was telling me that

I must be the baby's mother. I must nurse, guard, and protect him, while he and the other men were away in the fields. He went away, and busied himself feeding the fowls, and doing odd jobs about the house, ever and anon casting an anxious glance in my direction. He need have had no fear, for my maternal instincts had been aroused, and my heart had gone out to that dear, chubby black baby. I hugged him to my breast, and crooned over him, and played with and amused him when he began to cry. I was allowed to keep the baby for three hours. He was then taken away and fed with a sucking bottle containing cow's milk diluted with one-third water. Then he was handed back to me. When my master found I could be trusted, he gave me the baby to look after, except when he required it to feed. He made a nice cosy bed for me in his room, where I slept with my little foster-child in my arms. He was six months old when I first took charge of him. Now he is a big, chubby fellow of three years. We still love each other dearly. In fact, if he went away and I thought I shouldn't see him again, I am sure I should die of grief. We still sleep together in the same little bed, and I look after him still, when my master is out working in the fields, although there is a lady in the house now, for my master got married a year ago. His wife is a dear, sweet lady, and knows I can be trusted, so she doesn't interfere.

I HAVE FAULTS

Of course I have faults, so have you, every one of you. I try to overcome mine, and I hope you do also. My chief weakness is getting angry when I am made fun of and ridiculed. Now, my master's wife is a great tease. She does it all for fun I know, but she makes me very angry sometimes. She imitates the way I talk, raises her brows, and grimaces

just as I do, and calls me all kinds of absurd names. She plays jokes on me too. She made me so angry one day that I sprang up on her shoulders and smeared her face all over with mud. I was making mud pies at the time, and she came along and began poking fun at me. Another time I was sitting up a tree gathering mulberries, when she came along and began teasing me. I got very angry, and at last dropped down right upon her back. I sat on her shoulders and soundly slapped her face, and then made off. My master came out and flogged me severely with a whip. It did me good, for every time after that when I began to get angry, I thought of that dreadful flogging, and it cooled me down.

CHAPTER III

HOW I GOT DRUNK

LONG years ago, when I was a youth, I was out upon the veld at the foot of the great mountains of Basutoland with a few chums, searching for a special kind of sweet bulb which grew only in the moist and fertile lowlands. We wandered rather far, for we feared no danger, but it seems two Basuto hunters were abroad, mounted upon wiry sure-footed ponies. They gave chase, and overtook us. The dogs pummelled and nearly worried us to death. When we were exhausted, the Basuto men trussed us up like fowls about to be roasted, bound filthy rags round our jaws to prevent us biting, and rode off with us. After many adventures amongst the white humanfolk to whom I was eventually sold, I became the property of the captain of a steamship, which carried cargo. At first I felt ill and wretched. My head would get giddy, and a strange feeling would creep all over me, which made me loathe even the daintiest food. The sailors were very kind to me. I was a great pet. Every day when they were off duty they would come and amuse me. They never were unkind. I love those sailors. Seeing me so sick, one of them brought something in a mug. I was intensely thirsty, and drank some of it. I didn't like it at first, but I soon got very fond of it. The sailors called it beer. One day a sailor friend gave me some stuff they called rum. It was sweetened with sugar. I took a sip, but I was suspicious, so I waited to see what effect it would have, for I still had that ever-watchful feeling which all our tribe possess, which makes

us think anything new in the way of food or drink may be poisonous. I began to feel quite jolly and playful, so I reached out again for the mug, and drank off the lot. Then I felt I wanted to do all kinds of silly things. I talked in baboon language to the sailors, and told them about my life when I was wild and free amongst the mountains of Basutoland, but they only laughed at me, for they were poor, uneducated folk, and didn't understand baboon language.

I stood on my head, I capered, I jumped, I turned somersaults, I yelled, and I cracked jokes. Presently my legs began to get wobbly. They seemed to do just the opposite to what I wanted them to do. Then my neck, somehow, wouldn't keep my head straight, and it would bob down, then from side to side. My legs got so feeble that I could no longer stand upon them, so I lay upon my back and jabbered, and mumbled, and gurgled, whilst the sailor men gathered round me. They seemed to think it was all great fun. A far-away sort of feeling seemed to steal over me, and I went off to sleep.

FROM BAD TO WORSE

When I awoke my head felt like a lump of lead, and I was low-spirited and utterly miserable. But a curious thirst came over me, and I cried out. A dish of water was brought. I tasted it, but somehow it didn't seem at all nice, and my soul rebelled against it so much that I pitched it away. I tried to make the sailors understand that I wanted more rum. At last I succeeded, for one of them brought me some, and I just gulped it down all in a second. I got so fond of rum and beer that I would get nearly mad if I didn't get it every day. The sailors used to save up some of their allowance, and give me quite a lot. I think they did it so as to amuse themselves watching me do all sorts of stupid and absurd things when I was drunk. I am

afraid I am now a real old sot. I have been many years on this ship, and can drink as much liquor as any sailor on board, and can chew quids of tobacco too. I often smoke, but I don't seem to manage it as well as the sailors. The drawing in and puffing out of the smoke still bothers me a good deal. The good captain now gives me an able seaman's daily allowance of grog and tobacco. My only dread is that the captain may grow tired of me, and sell or give me to some landlubber who may tie me up and feed me upon bread and porridge and such like poor stuff, and cut off my liquor and tobacco. That would be a terrible calamity, for I don't think I could live without my grog and my quid. Yes, I know I am an old blackguard of a drunken sot. I cannot help it now. I didn't know any better. I was an innocent, simple-minded baboon, and I was taken advantage of. I expect one of these days to die suddenly of fatty degeneration of the heart, or the bursting of one of the diseased and brittle arteries in my brain. I don't think I shall die of delirium tremens, because I never get enough grog at a time. Once I nearly got the "d.t's." The captain used to let me loose sometimes, and when he was up on deck, I stole down to his stateroom, and opened a cupboard where I knew he kept his bottle of brandy. It was nearly full. I sneaked off to the quietest corner I could find, pulled the cork out with my teeth, and enjoyed the contents. It was strong stuff, and made my eyes water and my throat tingle. I drank the lot. I didn't have much time to enjoy the feelings the brandy produced, for it made me drunk so quickly. I went off to sleep, and was discovered with the empty bottle by my side. The sailors missed me, and made a search. I was found and carried to the captain. He ordered me to be soaked in a cold bath until I revived. The sailors said I lay in the bath for about an hour before I got conscious, although I had been sleeping many hours before they discovered me. They thought I

Photo by Maurice Gilbert

Yes, I know I am an old drunken reprobate. I look it too, don't I? I am the fellow who told you about his life on board a ship, and how I fell into evil ways.

was dying, so I was carried off to the doctor, who forced some horrible stuff down my throat, and placed what you call smelling salts to my nose. Then I was tucked up in a cosy bunk, hot-water bottles were applied to my feet and my "tummy," and I went off peacefully to sleep. I was nearly well when I awoke, and called for prog this time, not grog, for I was ravenously hungry. We baboonfolk inherit strong vigorous constitutions from our ancestors. Not like you humanfolk. Your ancestors have transmitted poor constitutions, weak bodies, and evil tendencies to you, so that when you over-indulge, you suffer a great deal and often die.

WHAT HUMANFOLK DO

You humanfolk boast of having clever brains. Yes, we grant that you have, but you should not despise us baboonfolk, and think us of no consequence. We can teach you humanfolk a lesson, and a good one too. Our folk lead simple, upright lives, and we never pervert our faculties. We have very fine instincts, which guide us aright in our lives. We eat of simple foods, and drink water and never go to extremes in anything. We lead simple, healthful lives, eating to live, and slaking our thirst with water, or juicy bulbs. We keep ourselves perfectly clean, free from vermin and dirt. We take plenty of exercise and breathe fresh air.

Now what do millions of you humanfolk do? You are not content to eat simple and strength-giving foods, and drink pure water. You crave for all kinds of unwholesome things. Just think of the thousands of kinds of foods which are made to gratify your perverted instincts. We are told that there is enough good wheat grown to feed all the humanfolk upon the world. Now what do you do with this good and wholesome food? Yes, you eat some of it.

The most of it you allow to half-rot, and then you make a poison out of it, which you drink, and which makes you do all kinds of evil things, so that your prisons are full of people. Yes, and this poison weakens your brains by destroying the tiny brain cells, and makes your blood weak and poor. So, of course, there are thousands of weak-minded and mad folk amongst you, and there are asylums full of lunatics in every land. Your cities are full of cripples, weak, diseased folk, useless, good-for-nothing loafers, and hosts of evil people who have to be watched constantly by a whole army of people you call policemen. You make war upon and kill each other. When you are strongly tempted, great numbers of you give way—yes, and quite willingly too. Why, everything you know has been learned by copying and improving upon what the various creatures do, or by watching and studying the other wondrous works of our Great and All-Wise Creator. The world wasn't made for you humanfolk only. Because you happen to be at the top of the Tree of Evolution, it doesn't justify you in wantonly taking the lives of all other creatures just because they have not reached the stage of development you call "human."

THE RESCUE

I am a womanfolk baboon, and I live with a small clan amongst some rocky hills of the Karoo. One day we decided to climb the steep rugged sides of a bush-covered hill, where a scout had told us there was an abundance of wild fruits and berries, as well as three bees' hives. My little boy was four months old, and was growing very heavy. Fearing to take him with me lest he might get injured, or in my endeavour to hold him I might lose my foothold and fall to the bottom of the cliff, I left him to amuse himself on a large flat boulder. I knew there were no

leopards or wild cats about, and humanfolk had never been known to come so far into the stony valley, so I had no fears for his safety. To make sure he didn't get into mischief, I ordered two of the bigger boys to stay and look after him. You know what boys are. As soon as we had disappeared they went off hunting away down the valley, taking my little son with them. It seems there happened to be one of those naturalist humanfolk prowling about. These fellows poke and spy into every cranny and corner, and nothing misses their practised eyes. He spied the three boy baboons and gave chase. They scampered off, but my little son soon grew tired. Besides, he was terrified out of his wits at seeing for the first time one of the dreaded humanfolk, whom he had been told so much about. The naturalist man caught him, and, turning, made off at a quick pace, for he knew something about the habits of us baboon-folk, and feared trouble. The two boy baboons fled in terror, making the valley echo with their warning cries. Hearing the noise, and fearing something had happened to my child, I raised the alarm, and leading the way clambered down the rocks and through the thorny bush, closely followed by all the clan. Meeting the two boys, we were breathlessly told what had happened, and shown in what direction the robber had fled.

With shouts of rage and indignation we rushed off in pursuit. Turning the corner of the rocky valley we saw that brigand speeding across the veld with my child clasped to his breast. With loud yells and barks we followed. Seeing us he fled along faster, but we steadily gained upon him. Slowly he slackened his pace and we were jubilant, for soon we knew he would be in our power, and then we would wreak a terrible vengeance upon him. Realising his danger, he dropped my child, and being relieved of the weight, he fled along a little faster, while we paused to ascertain if our little one had been injured. As we set

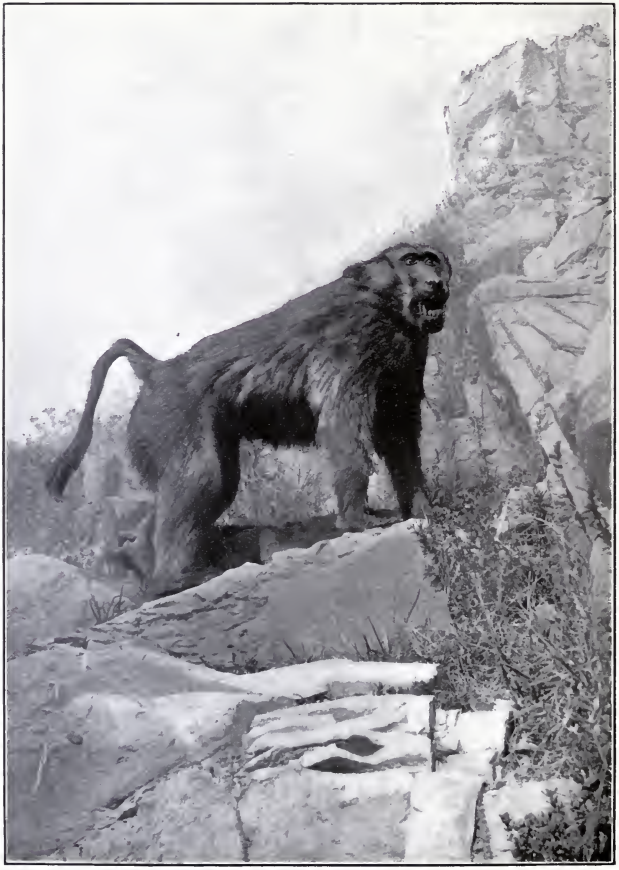
out again in pursuit, our chief suddenly commanded us to halt. Glancing in the direction in which he was looking, we saw a man hastening towards us. He was evidently the naturalist man's friend, and had seen what was going on by means of an invention of the humanfolk, which makes things a long way off appear close. Fearing to be cut off from the rear perhaps by other humanfolk, our leader thought it best for us to retire to our rocky fastnesses. Now that we had rescued the child, our anger had cooled down, and we no longer bore the naturalist-man any malice.

TRACKED

About two years after this adventure, there was a great drought, and food became very scarce. We planned out a raid on a neighbouring farmer's crops. He not only had mealies which were just getting ripe, but he also had many acres of sweet potatoes, and what humanfolk boys call "monkey nuts." All these three things are the most delicious of foods. Ask any of our children what they like best, and they will instantly answer, "Young milky mealies, sweet potatoes, and monkey nuts." Once our folk get a taste of these foods, or in fact any of the other foods grown by the farmerfolk, they get quite a dislike to their ordinary diet, such as the gum of the mimosa, the soft bark of certain trees, wild fruits, berries, seeds, bulbs, sweet reeds, young shoots, scorpions, centipedes, beetles, lizards, and snails.

At break of day we silently stole forth and loaded our stomachs, our cheek pouches, and our arms with the farmer's produce, and retreated as quietly as we came without being seen.

A few days later we repeated the raid. Then we decided that it would not be safe to visit that farm again, at least for a time, for fear the owner's anger should be roused. It was already, it seems, for he had been planning an attack



A sentinel Chacma Baboon high up on a krantz in the act of warning the troops, who are digging up roots and bulbs upon the veld below.

upon us. He sent a crafty old Hottentot out scouting, and that old sinner, who was as intelligent as even our leaders, traced us to our homes in a bush-covered krantz, where there were a number of small caves and other rock shelters. These shelters were so well hidden with bush, and the surroundings so rocky and overgrown with scrub, that we had fondly thought our retreat would never be found. We always took great precautions when approaching it. We never went straight home. We pretended to go in a different direction, and would disappear amongst the foliage, and then turn several times, travelling some distance in one direction, then swerving off at an angle. That old Hottettot had inherited such a lot of his monkey ancestors' nature-craft that he wasn't to be deceived.

OUR HOME ATTACKED

One morning we came forth as usual after a sound sleep, and clambered higher up the rocks where the sun shone when it rose over the distant hills. We always sat up there, basking in the sun until the dew had vanished from the leaves and grass, when we would troop off and get breakfast. We are not so fortunate as you humanfolk, who simply get out of bed and walk into another room where there is everything you require already prepared for you. We baboonfolk have got to find our breakfast every morning. Sometimes we have to go many miles for it, and work hard, digging in the sun-baked ground, or climbing trees and picking off tiny berries one by one. We grown-up folk were gossiping together, and the children were romping and playing tricks upon each other, when the sentry's cry of alarm rang out. Instantly we started up and glanced at our leader, whom we always followed. Before we could move, the cracks of many rifles rang out and re-echoed amongst the kloofs. Five of our folk fell mortally wounded.

Three pitched headlong from the rocks, their bodies bounding from the jagged edges of the face of the cliff. Instantly we scattered, and retreated in the direction taken by our chief. The rifles spat fire again and again, and many more of our folk were killed or wounded. At last we reached a portion of the krantz which was very high and bush-clad. In this there was a secret hiding-place, where it was impossible for humanfolk to reach us or to locate us. Many volleys were poured into the bush where we were seen to disappear, with the object, evidently, of dislodging us. We all crowded closely into the rock shelter, and lay still. Three or four random bullets reached us, killing one of our children, and wounding three others. One of the bullets passed right through a little boy's head and buried itself in my shoulder. The blood gushed out of the wound. I held my fingers tightly over the hole to stop the blood. Many more of our number were suffering from wounds, most of whom were also holding their fingers or the palms of their open hands over the wounds.

When the humanfolk had gone off, we cautiously crept out of the small cave and gathered the leaves of a medicinal plant, which we rolled up into pellets and stuffed into the bullet-holes in our limbs or bodies. I suppose you think we baboonfolk haven't got enough intelligence to do such things, but I assure you we have. It would astonish you to hear of the many things we know, which you imagine only humanfolk can do.

OUR NEW HOME

Our wise men, or at least those of them who were still alive, sat in solemn council during the afternoon, and eventually decided to lie low for a day or two, and then to retreat silently to another part of the country. Two scouts were meantime sent out to explore the country and report.

A Baboonfolk youth and youngster in their native home on a South African krantz, which some people call a precipice.

You see, before leaving a home such as ours, it is always necessary to know just where we intend to go, and whether our proposed new home is suitable. The scouts returned after an absence of a day and a half, and reported that many miles distant there was a great gorge, with a small bush-surrounded spruit running through it. They said that there was a thick belt of bush near by, as well as miles of bush-veld, and scattered clumps of prickly pears.

Helping along our wounded comrades, and carrying the small children and other little ones who were wounded, we crept forth, and keeping under cover as much as possible, we followed the scouts, one of whom kept well in advance, so as to warn us if danger threatened.

We reached our new home in safety, weary, heartsore, and unhappy. Creeping into the thickest clumps of bushes, those of us who were most exhausted lay down and rested. Those who were not wounded volunteered to go forth and explore the cliffs. Our chief picked out six, and instructed them to search the whole locality for the best spot for our home. He rallied the other strong men round him, and instructing them to keep a keen watch below, clambered up to the top of the highest tree, and did sentry duty himself.

After three or four hours the scouts returned. Two of them reported that, higher up the gorge, there was an ideal spot for a home. They explained that at the foot of the krantz the hill sloped steeply, and it was covered with dense thorny bush. The krantz itself was partly covered with stunted bush. They had discovered a great crack which ran horizontally along the face of the krantz, in which there was ample shelter for a clan ten times our number. Here and there thick patches of bush grew out of the rents in the rock, behind which we should be able to find cosy shelters, in which to sleep or to hide from our enemies. There were in addition three or four lines of retreat in case we were

attacked, and the krantz was so situated that we couldn't be surrounded.

Scattering through the bush, those of us who were able gathered food, for we were dreadfully hungry. Storing all we could in our cheek pouches, and carrying what we could in our hands, we returned and fed our wounded comrades.

A GOOD AND USEFUL FRIEND

I am a slave to a hunter-man. He captured me when I was a boy, and I have lived with him ever since. I am now nine years of age. My master thinks I am worth my weight in gold. I have heard him telling his friends ever so many times that I have not only saved his life many times over, but also that of his men, and his oxen, horses, and dogs. He says he wouldn't dream of penetrating some of the places where he has gone at times without me.

First he trained me to be a voerlooper, which means a leader of oxen. I rather like this work, because as I lead the oxen along, I can pick up and eat the beetles which crawl about the roads.

Then my master trained me to find water for him. When I understood what was required of me, I went about the business willingly, because I love my master, for he is so kind and gentle with me. You see you humanfolk can't talk our language, so it takes a good while for us to understand each other, especially when you want to teach us about something we have never done in that way before.

South Africa isn't like England. In the latter country the people growl and grumble all the time about having too much rain. In South Africa, almost wherever you go, the humanfolk, the baboonfolk, and the other creatures complain that they don't get half enough. Often in the Karoo for a whole year, and even two or three years, hardly

more than two or three showers fall. Many parts of the country are parched and dry. Sometimes there will be heavy rains, and the vleys, the ponds, and the rivers are filled, and the springs gush out afresh. Then the hot sun's rays pour down day after day and month after month, greedily sucking up the water again into the skies, and all the land once again is thirsty.

You humanfolk imagine the plants are senseless sorts of things. Don't you believe it. They are nothing of the sort. They can adapt themselves to altered conditions of life, just as well, or better, than you can. Now if a few of you humanfolk were lost out in the wilds, and were without guns to kill the wild creatures, you would die of starvation, although there would be plenty of food everywhere.

When the climate began to alter, instead of regular rains to give the plants all the water they needed, there were long periods of drought between times. Those dry times gradually grew longer, and there was less and less rain. Did the hundreds of kinds or species of plants wither and die because their outward circumstances, or rather means of livelihood, had been taken away? No, they didn't do anything of the sort. They just adapted themselves to the altered conditions. They surrounded their tender internal parts with tough skins, which prevented the dry air and hot sun from sucking out their water supply. Then their bodies grew fatter, and they threw out fewer leaves. In these fat bodies they stored up a huge amount of water, and kept it for future use, just like you do when you store it in tanks. You see, when a shower of rain fell, the roots of the plants greedily sucked up as much water as they could hold, and stored it away. It was doled out as required for the life of the plant.

A CRAFTY DODGE

Then other plants adopted a different plan. Instead of growing up into the air to allow the sun and the dry scorching atmosphere to suck out their water, their roots slowly swelled and swelled, until they looked like fat stumpy bottles. These roots you call bulbs. Of course all plants must breathe and absorb some sunshine, just like all of us more intelligent creatures, such as you and I; so these crafty plants spread out their leaves flat over the ground and pressed them tight down to the earth. They had two reasons for doing this. One was because they wanted to expose as little of their surfaces to the dry parched air as possible. The other was to prevent themselves, or rather their heads, being eaten off by wild animals. So, don't you ever again say that plants haven't got any sense.

What I have told you about them are just a few of the wonderful things they do.

STORED-UP WATER

Now we baboonfolk can live in the driest parts of South Africa, because we know how to get water when there is a drought on, and the vleys and springs are all dry. We dig up the plant-bulbs, which are really natural reservoirs of water. The bulb provides us with nourishment, and the water it contains is all that we require in the absence of a proper water supply. Now these plants are up to all kinds of dodges. You see, they learn from experience, just as you and I do. They struggle fiercely for existence, just as much as we do, for life is also dear to them. They know that victory lies with the fittest, so they have schemed and planned to outwit their enemies. Some of them grow sharp spikes all over their bodies, which stick out in all

directions. Others manufacture a poisonous juice, which they store up in cells within their bodies so that their enemies, who have not grown wise from experience, get poisoned when they eat those plants and die. We baboonfolk know, by long experience, which plants are poisonous and which are not. The crafty Bosjesmannen learned all this nature-craft from us. When they came down into South Africa, and began to vex us, many of them were poisoned. They carefully watched us and ate the same kinds of plants, berries, and other thing which we ate, and the only reward we got from them was, they shot and ate us whenever they got the chance. They chased us from our cave dwellings, our favourite hunting-grounds, and took possession of our springs and bees' nests, forcing us away into the bleakest and most barren wildernesses, where we live even now, for you white humanfolk are more to be feared by us than the ancient pigmy Bosjesmannen.

HOW I HELP MY MASTER

Now, my master in his wanderings often runs quite out of food; so I go along with him and show him where to find the nicest and most wholesome bulbs, fruits, and berries. Often he and I have lived for many days at a time on nothing else. At other times my master would be able to provide plenty of meat by shooting animals with his gun. But when he and his men had lived for a week or two on nothing but flesh food, they began to get ill, and got a terrible craving for vegetable food. Then we would scour the country, and I would help my master to dig up the onion-like plants, and collect the tender shoots of various shrubs, which he put into a pot with some water and meat and made a delicious stew of which I was passionately fond. My master and I were real and true chums. I always sat opposite him when he ate his meals, and he allowed

me to eat as much as I pleased. At night, I slept at his feet and kept them warm.

We baboonfolk sleep very lightly, and the slightest noise wakes us, especially if it be a strange sound. One night a leopard stole silently under the wagon where my master and I lay. I seemed to sense danger, for I awoke and carefully raised my head. There, a few feet away was a long, dark body, in the head of which two phosphorescent-looking eyes gleamed. I knew it was a leopard. He was just about to seize my master by the throat, when with a spring I was on my feet, and with all the power of my lungs I barked several times in rapid succession. Instantly swerving, the leopard bounded away in the darkness as our two big mastiffs rushed up to the rescue.

HUNTING FOR WATER

My master taught me to find water for him. The way he took to make me understand what he wanted me to do seemed cruel at first, and I felt very miserable to think that the master I loved so dearly could be so hard-hearted. I reflected, and turned the matter over in my mind as I lay one night watching the bright stars, which we are told are all great blazing suns as big and bigger than the sun which gives us heat and warmth. Then I saw the matter in quite a different light. It was clear to me that unless water had been found that the whole lot of us, that is, my master, myself, the Kafirs, the dogs, and the oxen, would have all died in a madness of thirst.

The method my master employed was this. He refused to give me water for a whole day, and at the same time fed me on very salty food. I was nearly mad with thirst, but I wasn't angry with my master. I only thought there had been some mistake, for he kept as far away as possible. In fact he was away searching about in the bush-veld near by,

and had tied me up, and left me to be fed by the Kafirs. I know now that he went away because he couldn't bear to see me suffering, and hear my piteous cries for water.

HOW WE FOUND WATER

The following morning my master came along, and unfastened my chain. I instantly rushed off and examined every bucket and cup, but alas! not a drop of water could I find. In baboon language I pleaded and implored my master to give me water. Instead, he walked off across the veld, beckoning me to follow. I did so, and ran about in all directions, hoping to find some watery bulbs, but the soil was dreadfully parched, and even the hardiest vegetation was shrivelled. Following the dry bed of a spruit, we came to a large hollow, which seemed to have once been a pond. I instantly smelt water, and began to dig frantically in the soil at a certain spot, where I knew by my keen sense of smell there was water. My master hurried off, and presently returned, accompanied by two Kafirs, with picks and shovels. Thrusting me aside, they began digging. After going down about six feet, water began to run into the hole. Dropping their picks and spades, the Kafirs greedily gathered up the muddy water in the palms of their hands, and although it was as thick as cream, they swallowed it. Then my master allowed me to jump in the hole. I have never tasted such delicious fluid, before or since. I suppose I must have swallowed at least a pound of mud. Nobody but those who are almost dying of thirst can have the slightest idea of the heavenly sensation one feels at such a time when drinking water.

The Kafirs with renewed energy dug the hole much deeper, and presently we had the pleasure of seeing a pool of water about two feet deep.

Carrying the water in buckets, the oxen were led into

the bush one by one and given a drink. You see, if water had been taken amongst the oxen, they would have smelt it and there would have been a stampede towards it, and the water would have been spilled, and many of the cattle would have been gored in their frantic fight to be first.

Many a time after this I found water for my master and his live stock. Whenever he went trading into the far interior of Africa, he always took me with him. I not only found water when it was scarce, but I located the wholesome water-laden roots and bulbs, and showed my master the kinds of berries, seeds, fruits, and shoots of plants which were good to eat.

When a baboon isn't very tame, it is best to attach a long rope to his collar, and let him range around like a pointer dog. If he should smell water, or roots and tubers, he will instantly stop, and begin digging with his nails. Then you must be ready to come along with a pick and spade.

WONDERFUL POWERS

The power to find water isn't entirely due to smell. It is mostly a sort of instinct. We feel a sort of mysterious power which impels us to go in a certain direction or do certain things. God has given us this wonderful power, as well as the faculty for finding our way about. All the folk of mountain, veld, and forest have different kinds of instincts or powers given to them by God, who is our God as well as yours, for there is only one great ruling Intelligence, who is the creator and master of all the universe.

When you humanfolk begin to reason out things, you lose these wonderful instincts which God has given us. I suppose it is because they are no longer necessary to you. They are very necessary to us because nature hasn't developed the reasoning and other higher parts of our brains, so our

very lives depend upon these intuitions, or "instincts" as you call them.

When finding water for my master, I would run forward and range about, ever and anon standing upright and sniffing the air. Then, if I saw a blade of grass I plucked it up and smelt it, as well as any small plant I might see. By the smell of these I sometimes got a mysterious feeling that I must go off in a certain direction. Anyway, if there was water either above ground, or close underground anywhere in the neighbourhood, I always found it.

CLEAN AND TIDY HABITS

We baboonfolk are very particular about our appearance. We cannot bear to be dirty. Most of the other folk of mountain, veld, and forest haven't got the sense to free themselves from parasites, although all of them have their particular kind of way to keep themselves clean in other ways. You see, all us monkeyfolk are very nearly human, and we have learned to use our hands and our brains like the humanfolk. During our rambles we often get covered with baby ticks so tiny that they can hardly be seen. These little fellows burrow their heads into our skins, and suck our blood. We don't let them stay there long, though. As soon as we get back to our rocky ledges, and when we see that our leader, or another responsible person is doing sentry-go, we examine every inch of our skins. It takes a long time, but we like to be always doing something, and cannot bear to be still for long. When we have searched every portion of our bodies that we can reach with our eyes and hands, we do what is needful for each other, because, you see, we cannot reach our own backs or heads.

Our children are so impatient to get away to play that we have to hold them forcibly down. Sometimes they begin to howl and try to escape, so we just turn them over

and give them a good spanking. That never fails to make them obedient.

When the weather is nice and warm, we often go along to the clear pools of water which collect on hollow rocks and in crevices and holes ; or else we go down to the nearest spring, spruit, river, or vley and wash our faces and heads. We always make a practice of washing our babies. Of course, they bawl and kick and struggle, but we don't take any notice. Their mothers wash their faces and heads and often their whole bodies in the clear water. Then they carry their precious babies up to a sunny ledge of rock to get dry. Our mother baboonfolk dearly love their children, and until they are a year or more old will not let them out of their sight. They will at any time give up their lives in the effort to protect their children from harm. You mustn't imagine we baboonfolk, or any other kind of animal-folk for that matter, are utterly selfish, and never think of the welfare of others. If we had been selfish like that, our race would long since have vanished. We are just as fond, or even fonder of our children as you humanfolk mothers are. If any one of our tribe gets into danger, we are all ready to rush to his help and save him, even at the risk of our lives.

THE BUSHMEN

You humanfolk talk as if you were quite a different creation to us baboonfolk, and think of us as mere " animals," without any particular feelings. I think from what I have told you, that you ought to know that we are very intelligent creatures, and if we are not exactly what you call " human," then we are very near to it. You say that the pigmy Bushmen are human beings. I wonder why ? I suppose it's because they walk upright and don't have to

touch the ground with their hands to help them along. Have you ever seen them scrambling up a rocky hill? Well, if you had, then you would have said that you couldn't tell them from baboonfolk, because they climbed and scrambled along exactly as we do. We have a habit of showing our delight, our anger or vexation, by moving our ears, raising and lowering the skin covering our heads, and by doing so we make what you call grimaces. The Bushmenfolk do just the same. I don't mean the half-caste yellow people whom you often call Bushmen, I mean the real true Bushmen, who are the descendants of the wild cavemen who came long ages and ages ago from Europe. Then again these Bushmen's habits were just like ours. They lived in crevices and caves, they all lay huddled up inside, and like us, when it was daylight they crept forth and went out to look for food. When they had satisfied their appetites, they lay and basked in the sun, while their youngsters romped about amongst the rocks, just the same as ours do. There were only a few things they could do which we couldn't. They were able to chip pieces of stone and use them as weapons, and they were able to make the skins of animals soft, and wear them to keep themselves warm. After all, that isn't much. It's because their brains are bigger than ours, that's all.

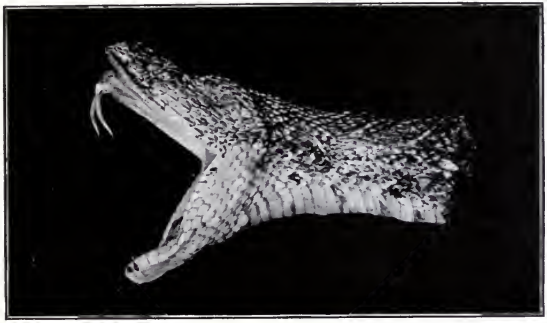
SNAKES

We baboonfolk, like you humanfolk, are dreadfully afraid of snakes. We learned long ages ago that they had the power to kill us in some mysterious way, by just giving us a small bite. I remember once we had a cosy cave where about fifteen of us dwelt. It was down near the bottom of a krantz, and there was a sort of ledge leading along to it. One night we had all retired to rest, and were sleeping soundly, when in my sleep I happened to move.

I must have touched a Puff Adder, for instantly there was a loud, long-drawn-out hiss, and then a sickening thud, and a horrifying yell. The snake had struck out into the darkness, missed me, but buried his fangs in the flank of one of the other baboonfolk. We all rushed in the wildest terror out of the cave, and sat out in the open upon the rocky ledge. The children cried and chattered incessantly and clung about us. We grown-up baboonfolk were nearly as terrified. We kept a strict watch on the mouth of the cave in case the Puff Adder should come out. Hearing moans of pain I looked over my shoulder and saw that one of our womenfolk had been the snake's victim. She was pressing one hand to the wound while she hugged her tiny infant to her bosom with the other. All night she moaned and groaned in agony. At break of day we all climbed up to a higher ledge, helping her along. She was growing very feeble and seemed to be dazed. Blood was slowly oozing from her side, and there was blood and froth all about her mouth. Slowly she sank, and her life seemed to be slipping away by degrees. Then she was seized with convulsions. One after another they gripped her. We tried to take her infant from her, but she held on to it like a vice, and even although she was at the point of death she rallied sufficiently to implore us to let her die with her infant in her arms.

She hugged it to her breast with both arms, and, hanging her head down over it, she died.

We took it gently away, but the poor little thing was too young to eat food. We were in despair and didn't know what to do except keep it warm. However, by-and-by, hearing our lamentations the rest of the clan came and joined us. Seeing the state of affairs one of the other mother baboonfolk, who had a little baby of her own, took the hungry little orphan and adopted him.



The poison fangs of the sullen Puff Adder (*Bitis arietans*). When he bites the fangs are erected as here seen. When at rest they lie in a sheath along the upper jaw.

A Puff Adder braced up ready to deliver a fatal thrust. Puff Adders are thick and broad, and average 3 ft. in length. They are exceedingly venomous.

KILLED BY A BLACK MAMBA

A scout reported to us one day that he had discovered a patch of bush three miles distant, where there was an abundant supply of honey. He said that there were many hives in the trunks of old decaying trees. In addition, there were crops of wild fruits and berries, as well as plenty of sweet roots and bulbs. The following morning we set out for the spot. When we travel any distance we always send out scouts in advance. However, we reached our destination safely, and busied ourselves looking for food. We soon found the bees' hives, which we robbed after much excitement and many stings. When clambering over the rocks and through the stunted bushes which grew out of the crevices and spaces between the boulders, our chief stumbled right upon a great Black Mamba, at least twelve feet in length. Like a flash of light, the Mamba struck him upon the breast. He gave vent to an appalling cry of terror, then turned to flee. Before he could move a yard those cruel fangs were again buried in him, this time in his shoulder. The serpent followed him up and once again bit him.

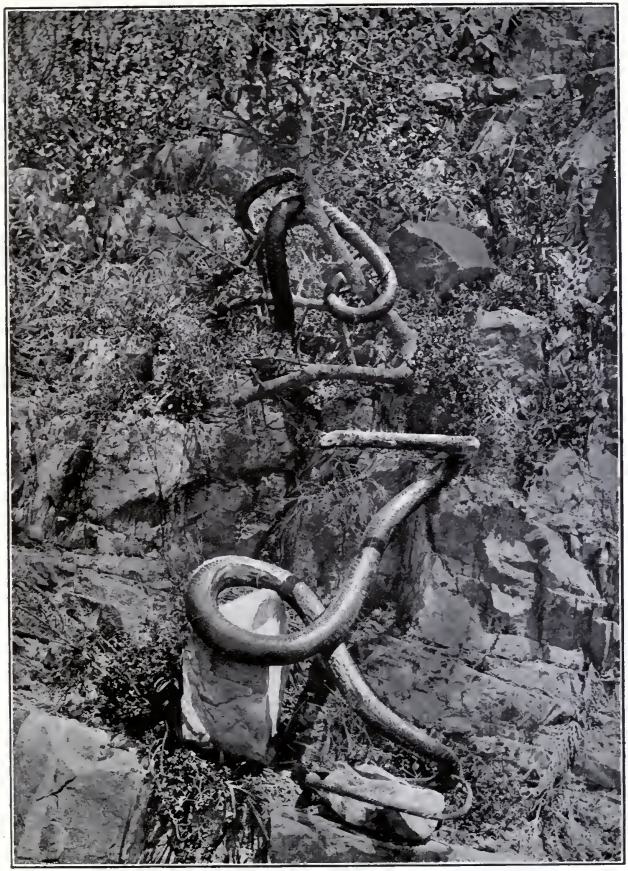
We all fled in the wildest terror, for of all snakes we dread the Black Mamba the most. He is a really terrible snake. If you disturb him he will think nothing of rushing straight at you. He isn't content with biting you once. He wants to make sure that you get a fatal dose of venom, for he pursues you so rapidly that it's no use trying to escape. The only thing is to face him and fight it out. We baboonfolk, however, stand no chance at all against him, for he is too quick in his movements for us. You humanfolk have an advantage because you can use sticks and guns. If we know a Black Mamba is in our neighbourhood we desert the place, for sooner or later some of us are bound

to stumble upon him and receive a death wound. From our retreat up the rocks we saw our chief stumble and reel along. He reached the side of the krantz and tried to climb. He managed to get up a short distance, but his hold was too feeble. He swayed and fell. The venom was rapidly paralysing his nerve centres. He soon began to get convulsions. It was terrible to watch him dying in such apparent agony, although I don't suppose he was suffering pain, because his brain and nerves were almost paralysed. He only lived fifteen minutes after being bitten.

OUR TAILS

We baboonfolk have tails, but we don't use them as a sort of hand to help us in climbing and swinging amongst the branches of trees, as do our tree-loving cousins the Vervet or Guenon monkeys. We are rock-monkeys, they are tree-monkeys. Our tails are not altogether useless appendages. We make use of them to convey our thoughts by means of signals. We can talk, but our command of words is very limited. We communicate with each other a great deal by signs. The raising or lowering of the brows, the twisting of the mouth, certain gestures with the hands, all convey our thoughts to each other. We usually carry our tails with the part of it nearest the body raised a good deal. Then it takes a downward curve, the end pointing to the ground. By erecting the tail or lowering it, or by twitching, turning, or altering the angle of the downward curve, we are able to make a great number of signals, or rather to express our feelings without bothering to talk.

You humanfolk also show your inward feelings to a great extent in much the same way as we do. If you are surprised, you raise your brows ; if you are angry, you lower them and tighten your lips ; and in a great many other



These are the Mambas whose bite means death to us. The upper one is the green variety of Mamba. We don't fear him much, because he is a timid fellow. The other is the terrible Black Mamba (*Dendraspis angusticeps*).

The Vervet Monkey of South Africa, which the Dutch people call the Blaauw-aapje (*Cercopithecus pygerythrus*). These are arboreal or tree-climbing monkeys.

A Baboon Warrior's weapons. — (1) Upper Canine or Eye Tooth, 2 in. long, not including the part in the socket of the jaw. The back edge of the tooth is as sharp as a knife blade. (2) Ditto showing the deep groove or channel down the front of the tooth. (3 and 4) The Lower

ways you convey your thoughts or emotions, just the same as we do.

THE BABOON'S SPAN OF LIFE

We baboonfolk take eight to ten years to grow up. After that, for another five to ten years we fill out and get very muscular, and our eye teeth grow long and sharp. Sometimes they are over two inches in length. There is a groove down the front of them like that in the poison fangs of a cobra. This groove enables the teeth to be forced into and withdrawn from the wounds easier than if it were not present. Besides, it serves to carry saliva from our mouths into the wounds, which makes them fester and get dreadfully inflamed, and as likely as not mortification sets in. You see, we never bite any living folk unless we are really angry. It is nearly always in self-defence that we use our big teeth. They are our chief weapons, and with them we fight for our lives against our enemies.

The saliva of our mouths isn't always poisonous. It is only so when we are dreadfully angry. The more angry we get, the more poisonous does our saliva become. It is just the same with you humanfolk, and all other creatures. When anger arises, a mysterious change occurs in this secretion of the mouth, and the greater the anger, the more poisonous becomes this secretion.

Your wise men, I believe, have found this out for themselves. Why, I am told they have even scraped the perspiration off a humanfolk person's skin just after he has been in a great rage. Then they dried it and put it on dogs' tongues. It killed them as quickly as if strychnine had been given them instead. So just remember that when you get angry you grow poisonous, and even your thoughts are poisonous. Anyway, humanfolk say all kinds of venomous things when they are angry, so I suppose that the poison which secretes in the brain-cells is given off in that way.

In your medical books you are told how humanfolk mothers have nursed their infants just after a fit of great anger, and how those little innocent infants died in convulsions. They were poisoned by their mother's milk.

I think I started off by telling you about how long it took a baboon boy and girl to grow up to be men and women, but that idea about poisonous saliva came into my head and I had to expel it first.

Well, we baboonfolk live for nearly fifty years, if our lives are not too hard. Sometimes food is so scarce and the weather so cold that we die much sooner, but if life is at all bearable, we live till we are about fifty, and even longer.

It is very seldom we live to be old in slavery. We are captured and sent in great numbers to the countries of the white people, away over the sea. They keep us in cages and do their best to make us cosy and comfortable, but the damp, cold climate soon begins to undermine our health, and then a microbe you call a bacillus attacks us. He gets into our lungs and starts to breed there. These microbes breed in millions and trillions. They look like tiny bits of stick. A bacillus microbe feeds on our lungs and grows longer. Then he breaks off into many pieces, and behold! each piece is a fresh microbe, who at once begins eating and growing and breaking himself to pieces, and thus giving birth to more microbes until there are great colonies of them. They at last eat up our lungs, and we die of what you call consumption.

You humanfolk often shoot or chloroform us when you have kept us a few years in captivity, because you say we get very bad-tempered. It's no wonder indeed that we do. I wonder whether any of you humanfolk would be sweet-tempered if you were chained up to a log or a pole with a short chain, for long weary years, and fed upon any sort of rough food at odd intervals, and teased and pelted

with stones. Just think what we have to put up with. We baboonfolk know that a great many of you are kind-hearted and gentle, but we also are aware that a great number of you are also wilfully cruel. You allow your children to offer us every kind of indignity, and positively torture us. Yet you wonder why we grow surly and bad-tempered. You cannot have much brain in your cranium or you wouldn't need to wonder.

A FAVOURITE FOOD

One of our favourite foods when we are wild and free is a plant you call a Babiana. You gave it that name because you first saw us digging it up and eating it. The Babiana is the little blue plant you call a "crocus," which smells so sweetly, and which you gather in baskets and place out in dishes of water. This little plant is very hardy. It will manage to exist when nearly all other vegetation dies. When the rains come, it throws up little lily-shaped leaves, and a short stem, on which grows a beautiful sweet-smelling blue flower. This flower soon dies, but another quickly takes its place, until several blooms have appeared. The flowers themselves are delicious to eat. When we are not very hungry we content ourselves with picking and eating the flowers only, but when we need substantial food we dig up the bulb of the crocus, which is underground. If we are extra hungry we don't bother about peeling it, but just eat it, skin and all. At other times we neatly peel off the skin, and eat the delicate onion. This Babiana or crocus, which, by the way, is not a crocus at all, scientifically speaking, lies dormant the greater portion of the year, because there is no rain and the ground is parched and dry. At these times the leaves wither away and no trace can be seen of the plant. That doesn't trouble us in the least, because we can find it just as easy by our sense of smell as we can

by our sense of sight at other times. When you have seen us baboonfolk out upon the veld or hillside it was at such times as we were busy digging up these Babiana plants, or else another bulb which is common all over South Africa. It is known to you as the Moraea or Uintje. It has a yellow flower, and its bulb is good wholesome food for humanfolk as well as all other creatures. Even the wild guinea fowls have found that it is good to eat, for they too dig it up and eat it.

GOOD FOOD EVERYWHERE

There is good wholesome food growing everywhere, both above and below ground, yet you humanfolk would starve to death if you strayed away from your towns or your farms and got lost in the veld or bush. Long ago a ship called the *Grosvenor* was wrecked, and a large number of men, women, and children reached the land. They tried to reach their friends by marching through the country, and although they were walking over heaps of wholesome food every day, they were quite unaware of it, and actually starved to death. If they had only had one of our folk, or a Bush boy, with them they would have been saved. Those Bushmen were 'cute, crafty little fellows, but they learned all their nature-craft from us baboonfolk. When their monkey-like ancestors came first into South Africa they carefully watched us and noted what we ate, and they did the same. Then they showed their gratitude by killing and eating us whenever they could. Well, I suppose if we had been stronger than they, and were able to make and use stone axes, stone spears, and stone arrowheads, we should have hunted them. They didn't kill us all off anyhow. Neither have you white folk, with your wonderful poisons and traps and guns, although you have done your best to do so. We baboonfolk have

got lots of grey matter covering our brains, which makes us observant and highly intelligent. Just a little more of this wonderful grey matter in our brains and we should be as clever as you humanfolk.

ORDER AND DISCIPLINE

Don't you imagine for one moment that we baboonfolk just live together in clans for company only, and that we are a mob, each acting entirely on his own. There is a perfect system of order and discipline in each clan, to disobey which swift and sure punishment follows. There is always one or more chiefs to each clan, according to its size. If the clan be large there may be six or more. They are always easily recognised by their long, shaggy hair, which is usually turning grey. Sometimes chiefs of clans can be seen who are almost white with age. The leaders have their captains and lieutenants, to whom they issue their orders, who in turn pass those orders on to those under them, until the rank and file have been informed, just as you do with your soldiers. I shouldn't be at all surprised if you humanfolk first cribbed these ideas from us. We didn't from you, that's a certainty, because our folk inhabited the earth long before your race appeared. The orders are given by words, gestures, and contortions. Our language is quite unknown to you, and when we shout our warnings and signals, or talk together, you simply say that we bark, growl, scream, and jabber. We could say just the same of you folk. The sounds you make appear to us very much as our language does to you. There are a good number of rules amongst us which form our code of honour. It is not often any of us break any of those rules, for the punishment meted out is very severe—often the death penalty.

We always lay our plans beforehand. When we contemplate raiding a mealie field, or making a march to some

distant place, all the details are arranged previously. When the occasion for action comes, the chiefs give their orders, which none think of disobeying.

We never dream of moving about anywhere, or even retiring to rest without posting one or more sentries as the occasion seems to demand. The sentry duties are taken by different reliable individuals of the clan, in turn. We never choose any whom we don't think thoroughly competent to do the sentry work, because it is such an important duty, which, if not performed properly, might mean death to many of the clan.

We always share the spoil with the sentry after a raid on a farmer's mealie garden or orchard.

BABOONS IN CAPTIVITY

I am one of the baboonfolk. I have been in captivity for many years. One day a big swell of a fellow in a military cavalryman's full-dress uniform came to see my master. He fixed me with his eyeglass, and then began to make all kinds of nasty remarks about me. He jeered at me, and imitated me when I raised and lowered my brows at him. This made me very angry. I climbed up my pole and sat on the ledge of my hut, and had a good think. Looking down, the sight of a puddle of slimy water gave me an idea. Climbing down I sat meekly with my arms crossed and a contented look on my face. The officer man was standing near by talking with my master. Suddenly I sprang up and rolled my body in the slimy mud, and before the astonished officer could realise what I was up to, I sprang out the full length of my chain in his direction and shook my body violently, bespattering him from head to foot with evil-smelling mud. Then I chuckled and climbed up my pole and hid in my hut. My master declared to the officer that he would severely punish me, but he never

did, because I think he was secretly glad, for that officer man was what you call a snobbish sort of fellow, who spoke with a sort of lofty lisp and a patronising sort of sound in his voice, which, I am told, is common amongst mentally deficient folk.

My master used to teach me many things. He taught me how to use a key, and how to drive a nail into wood with a hammer. You see, we are very clever at imitating, and we learn many things quite easily by watching how you folk do them. We can think for ourselves as well. One day my master's son tried to play a joke upon me. He knew I was madly fond of golden syrup, so he put a little in an earthenware jar and handed it to me. There wasn't enough to run out, and the neck of the jar was too small for my hand to be thrust in. I turned the jar over and over and dashed it many times on the ground, but it refused to break. Spying a stone, I raised the jar once more and brought it down with a bang upon the stone. Of course the jar smashed into many bits. I carefully gathered up every scrap. Then, sitting down with my legs in a circle round the fragments, for fear any might be pilfered, I licked every one of them clean.

Once they played a joke upon me, which upset my nerves for weeks afterwards. People often handed me paper bags of buns or sweets. One day two young fellows came along, and taking some sweets out of a bag handed them to me. Then they puckered up the mouth of the paper bag and gave it to me. It felt heavy, and I was jubilant. In order to enjoy the sweets to the utmost, and at my leisure, I climbed my pole, and sitting on the ledge at the top, I carefully opened the paper bag, fearful lest any of the sweets might drop.

One glance into the bag was sufficient. With a scream of wildest horror I leapt out into space, only to be jerked down to the ground by my chain with a terrific thud. I

lay there for a long time in a fainting condition. Not from the fall, but from the terrible fright I had got, for there was a snake inside that packet—a reptile which I fear with an appalling, instinctive fear. It was a cruel joke to play on me, but I dare say those ignorant youths didn't think it would have affected me so dreadfully. For weeks afterwards I would start nervously when a leaf blew, or a twig fell, or was moved by the wind. At night I would start up with a cry, imagining snakes were attacking me. Nearly every night for a week I dreamt of snakes.

THE GORILLA

The gorilla is what you call an anthropoid ape, which means a man-like ape, because he looks so much like a human animal. There is a legend in our tribe to the effect that long ages ago, one of the clans of our baboonfolk made their home in the great forests of Central Africa, where the trees grow very large, and the creeping plants climb up the branches and spread themselves out on top of the trees like great umbrellas, preventing the sunlight from shining through. It is thought that by living in these great gloomy forests in a tropical climate, these apes grew large and powerful, and altered a good deal in shape, as well as losing their tails. We cannot exactly prove that the gorillas are the aristocracy of the baboon tribe, but there is very good reason to suppose they are an offshoot from us.

WE ARE STRONG AND TOUGH

We baboonfolk are very strong and tough. We recover quite easily from injuries which would kill you humanfolk. You see, we live the simple life, and take plenty of exercise. It is the kind of life we lead which makes us so healthy and strong. We can survive a dose of poison which would kill

A Gorilla of Central Africa, who is thought to be an aristocrat of the Baboon-folk. He is the biggest and strongest of all the monkeyfolk.

at least ten of you humanfolk. When we get ill from any cause we cease to eat food until we are better. We have a sort of sense or instinct which prompts us not to eat when we feel ill.

It doesn't do us a bit of harm to drop twenty or even thirty feet to the ground. I remember one night near Graaff Reinet, the farmerfolk surrounded our home and made an attack upon us at daylight. Many of us were shot down, but a good number escaped by rolling down the sloping krantz, or dropping from ledges to the ground, thirty feet below. If there should happen to be clumps of creeper-covered trees below, we don't hesitate to make a drop of at least fifty feet. When we fall we just let ourselves go all of a lump, like a drunken man. One reason why you humanfolk get so dreadfully hurt when you fall even a short distance, is that you stiffen every muscle.

A PAINFUL SIGHT

Three times I have escaped from the farmerfolk who sought to kill us by surrounding our home in the krantz during the night time. My clan had made several raids upon the various farmers' vineyards. These long rows of grape vines, laden with delicious grapes, which spread out for miles all over the country, were altogether too tempting for us poor weak baboonfolk to resist. We planned our raids so carefully that the farmerfolk were quite outwitted. We had changed our home to a far-distant krantz, and thought ourselves safe from attack. These farmer fellows, however, came scouting and spying around, and found out a way to attack us. Anyway, one morning we looked out from our crevices and rock shelters to find the farmerfolk on the watch below and above. Some of them crept up a stony kopje opposite, and began to take pot shots at us. A few of our number were able to squeeze themselves out

of harm's way into crevices in the rocks, but the majority of us were quite defenceless, so our leader gave the order to scatter and escape as best we could. I was scrambling down the rocks, when a heavy body struck and sent me with a bound into the air. I fell with a tremendous thud upon the ground. My thigh struck a boulder, and the pain was terrific. Creeping into a thick bush near by, I lay still. Peering out from my leafy shelter I saw one of our baboon-folk women sitting upon the grass, moaning over her infant, which had been either stunned or killed by the fall. It was her body which had collided with me. She had been shot, and losing her hold, she fell. Blood was oozing from her side, and from a terrible scalp wound, caused evidently by a looper ripping the skin and muscles of the head. Just then a man came up, and stood gazing at her. He wasn't one of the farmerfolk. I knew him at once, for I had many a time watched him from behind a boulder driving a pair of horses, in a carriage you call a "spider." He was a doctor man, who did his best to cure people when they got sick. The baboon mother glanced at him, and again crooned over her infant. Blood suddenly gushed out of the wound on her head, and ran down her face. She put her hand to her head, and lowering it, looked mournfully at the blood which smeared her palm. Then she groaned in a terribly heart-rending sort of way, and looked up at the doctor man with an expression of the deepest reproach and sorrow. She repeated this three times. She would look down at the blood upon her hand, then at her senseless infant, and then at the doctor man's face. She didn't speak, but her expression and her actions were understood just as easily. The doctor man covered his face with his hand, and turned away and sobbed. Just then a farmer came up, and I heard the doctor say that this sort of thing was too much like murder for him. He said he couldn't stand it. The mother baboon had looked

and acted so like a humanfolk person, that he felt as if he had murdered one of his own people.

The farmer was one of those whose vineyards we had so often robbed, and his heart was hardened against us. The doctor tried to prevent him killing that mother baboon, but he insisted. It was perhaps just as well, for she was terribly wounded. I lay perfectly still, shivering with abject fear. Luckily the farmer had no dogs with him to smell me out, so I escaped to tell you the story of this painful adventure.

A DREADFUL CALAMITY

I am one of a small clan of baboonfolk. Once my clan was large. We numbered nearly a hundred. A great calamity befell us which reduced us to a mere handful. Our scouts had been down to the seashore, and returned and gave glowing accounts of the vast numbers of mussels on the rocks at low tide. We were all very fond of mussels and other kinds of shellfish, including oysters, and often made excursions down to the coast to gather them. They have such a peculiar flavour, unlike any other kind of food. At first we only ate them because we were hard pressed for food, but we soon got to look upon shellfish as special dainties.

Of course when we heard there were plenty of mussels we were overjoyed, and even our wise old chief capered around and turned a few somersaults. We talked the matter over, and decided to leave our present home and take up our quarters nearer to the seashore until all the shellfish had been eaten up. Our scouts said they had already found a suitable retreat in a rocky, bush-covered kloof, which is otherwise known as a ravine, three miles from the sea.

At daybreak we departed, sending out many scouts in advance. We reached the shore safely after many hours

of weary travelling over rough country, for we were careful to keep as much as possible to the rocky hills, because there were farmerfolk living in those parts.

A BANQUET AND THE RESULT

We had to wait for a couple of hours until the tide had fallen. Then our chief gave the signal, and we all rushed off and spread ourselves out over the rocks, and eagerly searched for the mussels. We hadn't to hunt much for them because they were in such numbers. I have never before seen such swarms of them. We tore them off the rocks, and either smashed the shells by banging them on to a rock, or else we broke them open with our teeth—at least the other baboonfolk of the clan did. I was doing sentry-go and dared not leave my post, although it was almost more than I could endure to see the others feasting on the kind of food I was fondest of. I was frightfully hungry too, not having tasted food since the previous afternoon. However, I knew the others were relying upon me to prevent them being surprised by enemies, and even if I had been actually starving I should not have forsaken my post. We baboonfolk have codes of honour, and many unwritten laws, as well as you humanfolk.

After the feast had been going on for a couple of hours, I noticed some of the folk lying about lazily upon the sand in the sun. I thought nothing of it, as it was a usual thing to do after a feast. Presently, however, one of the children began to scream out and complain of dreadful pains in his inside. His mother did all she could to relieve him by thoroughly massaging his body, but he seemed to get worse. Then others began to complain, and within an hour about two-thirds of the clan were either lying about in a dazed sort of state, or else rolling, screaming, and chattering in agony.

It had been my intention to ask the chief to post another sentry in my place, so that I might get something to eat, but when I saw the other folk suffering such pain and rolling about in the sand, I grew suspicious, and naturally thought that the shellfish in some mysterious way had caused the trouble, so I wisely refrained from eating any. Our chief, although suffering frightfully from cramps in his inside, proposed a general retreat to the kloof, which we had chosen as our new home. But it was easier said than done. Fully half our number were quite unable to walk. As the afternoon wore on, several of the children died, and two or three of the grown-up folk.

THE MASSACRE

Although distracted with grief I kept to my post, and well it was that I did, for from over a mound about a quarter of a mile away, two farmerfolk and a Hottentot came riding, accompanied by many dogs. They were evidently out hunting game. I gave several cries of alarm to impress my people with the gravity of the danger. Our chief instantly shouted a command to follow him, and made off. Many of the folk obeyed. Others made desperate efforts to do so, but somehow they seemed to have almost lost the use of their legs, and staggered like humanfolk when they drink a lot of that poison they call alcohol.

By this time the dogs had scented us, and came with a rush upon us, followed by their masters. I fled in terror. Reaching a rocky kopje I clambered up and looked eagerly shorewards. The sight which flashed upon my brain almost froze the marrow in my bones. Our folk were scrambling painfully about, scattered in all directions. Some were lying upon the sand impotently tossing their arms and legs unable to rise. The farmer men and the Hottentot were busy shooting them down as fast as they

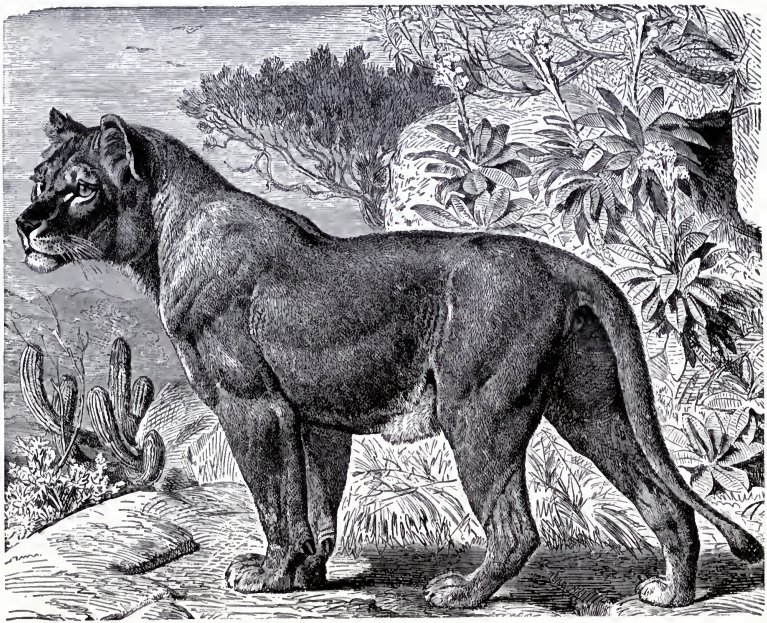
could. The dogs were chasing those who were trying to escape. After slaughtering all that were about the beach, the farmer men began chasing those who were doing their best to escape. When as many of those as could be overtaken were disposed of, those dreadful men systematically searched every bush in the vicinity, and hunted out and killed any of our folk whom they found hiding. Never in all my experience have I known such a calamity to befall our folk. That frightful scene of slaughter has haunted me ever since.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE

The whole affair to us baboonfolk was a mystery. We talked it over, and speculated and wondered. We consulted the wise men of other clans, but no solution could we find. It was clear that there was something wrong with the mussels, but what it was we didn't know. We thought that, perchance, one of the farmerfolk had put deadly poison into their shells, but this wasn't likely, because the farmer men didn't know we were about to visit that spot just then. When I was telling this story to the humanfolk fellow who understands our language, and who is taking down in what he calls shorthand all we say, he smiled and said he thought he could offer an explanation.

Eager to know, I asked him to explain.

"Well," said he, "you see, mussels and oysters are usually very good and wholesome food, but when anything poisonous gets into their bodies they cannot spit it out, like you and I can. When the tide is high they open their shells and start sucking in the sea water, and pumping it out again. In this sea water there are myriads of tiny creatures so small that you cannot see them except with a microscope. When the stream of water passes through the stomach of the mussel or the oyster, that wonderful stomach is like



I am a Lioness. My colour blends so closely with the rocks, parched vegetation, and ground that the Baboonfolk cannot see me as I lie flat upon the uneven ground, waiting to catch one of them for my dinner, when they come out upon the veld to dig up roots and bulbs. (After Brehm.)

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd.

a real live intelligent creature, for it captures all these tiny microbe-like fellows which you call animalcules. Now," went on this humanfolk fellow, " when there is any poisonous substance in the water, it settles down inside the shell, and is even sucked up into the inside of the shellfish. It doesn't do the shellfish any harm. In fact it can turn it into food. Well, in some places along the coast, the seaweed grows very abundantly, and after a storm great heaps of it are thrown upon the rocks. This seaweed rots, as well as the millions of tiny creatures which live in and on it. This putrefying seaweed poisons the water in all directions near by. Those poisons get absorbed inside, or particles lodge in the shellfish, and if they are eaten shortly after, or at the time, by warm-blooded creatures like ourselves and you baboonfolk, we get poisoned. Dreadful cramps grip our stomachs and our bowels, and make us so sick that we cannot walk. Sometimes numbers of our folk die after eating mussels or oysters which have been gathered near towns, because they have sucked in some of the putrid substances which run from sewers into the sea."

I think this humanfolk fellow's explanation very reasonable, for now I think of it, there was a rather bad smell in the air when our folk were gathering the mussels. Besides, I saw great heaps of some dark substance which, I suppose, must have been seaweed.

COMBAT WITH A LIONESS

I am one of a clan of baboons who live near the Black Umfolosi River, in Zululand. Our home is in a bush-covered kop or rock-topped roundish hill where there are a number of steep rocks amongst which we sleep, and retreat when enemies are about. There are no farmer men with guns to worry us, and we don't fear the Zulus, for they cannot harm us with their spears, for our retreat is beyond

their reach. For some time we had lived in constant fear of an old lioness who had carried off and devoured several of our folk when they had gone down to drink or wash their faces and their babies in the stream. Our clan was a powerful one, for there were a score of great long-teethed warriors amongst us. Knowing the lioness was about, we were careful never to venture out until our scouts had reported all was safe. Then we would go forth in a body. One day we were out upon the veld rooting up bulbs and other foods, when our three sentries, almost in chorus, sounded the danger signal. By the nature of the sound we knew they meant us to understand the enemy was a very dangerous one. They had evidently seen the beast trying to stalk us through the long grass. Our chief commanded us to instantly close our ranks. As we were rushing together the lioness, with a terrifying roar, leapt right in the midst of us. I don't think she reckoned on there being so many of us. Perhaps she was confident we would be paralysed with fear. So we were for a few moments, but hearing the agonising shrieks and moans of one of our womenfolk and her baby, all fear vanished, we lost thought for individual safety, and with a rush we were upon the lioness, or at least as many of us as could reach her. Although taken completely by surprise, she fought furiously. Throwing herself upon her back she tore out the bowels of three of our folk, and bit the necks of two more so that they died instantly. However, our old grizzled warriors soon got to work in deadly earnest, and ripped up the lioness with their long sharp-edged canine teeth, until she was one mass of horrible gashes through which her bowels and other parts protruded. Seizing our dead and wounded, we retreated, and left her to die. Five of my people were killed in the fight. One died next day, and about a dozen more were badly scratched or bitten.

A MYSTERIOUS INSTINCT

The feeling, or instinct, or whatever you might call it, to rush to the rescue of those of one's kind in distress is very strong in us baboonfolk. If we see one of our folk in distress, we seem to lose all sense of fear, and a strong feeling impels us to rush to his rescue. If the victim should cry out in dire distress, then somehow a sort of madness comes over us, and we rush blindly at the enemy, and attack him with the greatest fury.

You humanfolk have the same instinct, for it is quite a common thing, for instance, when a person is drowning, for people to jump in to try to save them, although they are quite unable to swim themselves. In battle, your soldiers will do the most daring things. Your history books are full of stories of how brave men rescued their brothers, or gave up their lives in the attempt. If you ask such folk why they did it, they will tell you they don't know. They just felt they had to.

OLD WORLD AND NEW WORLD MONKEYFOLK

We Chacma baboons of South Africa, and our first and second cousins in other parts of Africa, are called dog-faced baboons, because our faces jut out like those of most dogs. Next to the anthropoid, or man-like apes, we baboonfolk are the biggest and strongest of the monkey tribe. All the different kinds of baboonfolk live in Africa and in the countries on the north-east of the Red Sea.

Scientific fellows say that, because our snouts are long, like those of dogs, and because we always prefer to walk on our hands and feet, that we are more closely related to the lower kinds of animalfolk, such as dogs, wolves, and such creatures, than are any of the other kinds of monkeyfolk of

the Old World. By Old World we mean Europe, Asia, and Africa, because these countries were discovered long ago. When humanfolk discovered America, they thought it a different world altogether, and so they called it the New World. So when you read in books about the New World monkeys, you will know that it means the monkeyfolk who live in America. When you hear of Old World monkeys, you will know it refers to the monkeyfolk of Africa, Europe, and Asia.

I suppose you humanfolk often wonder why it is that monkeyfolk are spread nearly all over the world. Well, long ages ago the New World and the Old World were all joined together by land, and the creatures of the earth were able to roam all over it. Then there were great earthquakes, and the bottom of the ocean in some places rose up and in other places the dry land sank, and when the earthquakes finished jumbling up the crust of the world, the animalfolk, including you humanfolk, found themselves cut off by the ocean. As the ages rolled on the monkeyfolk in the different parts of the world changed very much in shape, colour, habits, and intelligence, owing to their surroundings all being different. You see, every creature in order to live must adapt itself to its surroundings. If there isn't any of the food which it is accustomed to, then it must eat whatever there is to be had. If enemies beset it, then it must find out how to escape from them. There is just as much difference in the colour, shape, and intelligence of you humanfolk as there is amongst monkeyfolk.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF BABOONS

Although we have a good many relations, none of them live in South Africa. The country is ours by right of first occupation. Long ages and ages ago, our ancestors came down from the north and took possession of this

country. We held undisputed sway for a very long time. True there were lions, leopards, cheetahs, wild dogs, hyænas, and pythons, but we didn't fear them so very much, because we kept together in clans of usually from about fifty to a hundred. In each clan there were a good many strong warriors, who did most of the fighting when enemies attacked the clan.

When the ancestors of the wild Bosjesmannen came, our dominion or rule was overthrown. We were compelled to admit them to be our superiors. Then came big, strong, woolly-headed black men, and lastly white men.

One of our relatives is the Anubis baboon. These cousins of ours live in Central Africa. They inhabit the country from Guinea away across to East Africa. In Central East Africa these Anubis cousins of ours are a little bit different from those who live on the west side. It's the result of the different climate and the food, I suppose.

The Anubis baboons are very much like us in their ways and habits. Like us they live in tribes or clans, and inhabit the rocky hills and krantzes. They prefer the dry, arid parts of the country, because there are fewer enemies there, I daresay. They live largely on a remarkable plant known as the Welwitschia. This plant grows in the sand.

The Yellow baboon is another cousin. His tribe live along the west coast of Africa. He is included in the list of South African animals, but, so far, he has never been seen south of Mashonaland.

He is a cheeky fellow, and doesn't fear the natives much. You see, the natives haven't guns, and he knows quite well if he keeps a short distance away from them he is safe. He knows exactly how far a Kafir can cast his assegai, or shoot an arrow.

The Thoth baboon inhabits Abyssinia, and is very much like the Yellow baboon.

The Guinea baboon, as his name denotes, lives in the

country called Guinea, which is at the Equator, on the west side of Africa.

THE MANDRILL

The strangest-looking baboon-cousin of ours is known as the Mandrill. His tribe live in West Central Africa. The Mandrill is indeed a comical-looking fellow. He has only got a stump for a tail. His head looks far too big for his body. His face is dreadfully ugly. His shoulders are high, and his back slopes rapidly down to his hind quarters. His face is brilliant blue, purple, and vermilion, and his eyes are hazel. In fact, he is just the sort of goblin-like creature we sometimes see in dreams when we have eaten too much for supper.

The Mandrills live in large troops and are very bold. The natives are very much afraid of them.

There used to be a Mandrill in the London Zoo. He drank alcohol and smoked tobacco. In fact, he became quite degenerate, just like you humanfolk when you get too fond of alcohol and tobacco. The word mandrill means "man-ape." "Drill" is an old English word which means ape or baboon.

There is a close relation of the Mandrill, who also lives in West Central Africa. He is in general shape very much like the Mandrill, but his face is not brightly coloured, and he is smaller. He is called a Drill.

EXTINCT BABOONFOLK

We baboonfolk can trace our ancestors away back into the very far-distant past, when great monsters, which are long since extinct, roamed the earth. In the northern parts of India, fossil remains of baboonfolk have been found by naturalist men. Judging from the deposits in which

I am a cousin of the Baboonfolk of South Africa. My home is in West Central Africa. My face is blue, purple, and vermilion. I am known as the Mandrill. (After Brehm.)

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd.

these fossil remains were found, it must be perhaps two or three or even more millions of years when, what are now fossil remains, were living baboonfolk. Some of the fossil apes which have been found are very similar to us Chacma baboonfolk. So, you see we can trace our ancestors a good long way back. Very likely the Garden of Eden of baboonfolk, or perhaps all monkeyfolk, was somewhere about Northern India.

Some of these now extinct relatives of ours must have been living in India when humanfolk were upon the earth, because some of their remains have been found mixed with the remains of pre-historic wild men of the Chipped Stone Age who lived in caves, and whose habits were very much like those of the baboonfolk.

CHAPTER IV

THE TREE-CLIMBING GUENON MONKEYS

I AM one of the tree-climbing monkeys, or, in other words, I am arboreal. There are six kinds or species of us, but we are all so closely related that we are classed by naturalists under one genus. So naturalists, when referring to all of us, say we are Cercopithecus monkeys.

I will tell you the story of my particular tribe, because I am the commonest of the lot. Every one of you know our tribe. We are the little blue monkeys. The Dutch people call us Blaauw-aapje. The Amaxosa and Zulu natives know us as Inkau; the Swazis as Ingobiyana; the Basutos as Inkalatshana; amateur naturalists as the Vervet; and men of science as *Cercopithecus pygerythrus*. We are very sociable monkeys and live together in big families of a dozen to three or four hundred. We inhabit the forest lands of the eastern parts of the Cape of Good Hope, along the Orange and Vaal Rivers, Griqualand West, Pondoland, away through Natal and Zululand, and into the Eastern Transvaal.

Then there are our cousins, the baboons, of which there are two kinds in South Africa. They, too, are Guenon monkeys. Long ago, a French naturalist fellow came along to South Africa, and because we made grimaces at him he styled us Guenon monkeys. "Guenon" is a French word which means "one who grimaces," so the name has stuck to us like schoolboy nicknames often do. Now, I want to have a sort of scientific talk with you. We Guenon monkeys belong to a great family known as the Cercopithecidae. We have a great army of first cousins,

I am a Vervet or Blaauw-aapje. I was caught in a trap by the humanfolk and kept in a cage. I reared my baby in captivity. We monkeyfolk love our children dearly.

The homes of the Vervet Monkeyfolk are the thick forests and belts of tangled bush along the banks of rivers and in the valleys. This is a typical view of the home of our folk.

I am a baby Blue Ape or Vervet Monkey, two months old. Scientific humanfolk call me *Cercopithecus pygerythrus*. This picture shows me one quarter my natural size. The humanfolk feed me on milk and water, which I suck from a humanfolk baby's bottle.

who are separated from us and placed in what naturalist men call a sub-family by themselves, because they only have rudimentary thumbs, or no thumb at all, so they are called Colobus monkeys, from a Greek word which means "docked." Besides, these Colobus monkeyfolk differ from us in not having any cheek pouches.

Now we Guenon monkeys of Africa all have cheeks which can stretch like india-rubber. We use these pouches for storing food when we are in a hurry. You see, by means of these pouches we can cram quite a lot of food into our mouths in a very short time. Then we rush off to our safe retreats, and eat it up at our leisure. Another thing which makes naturalist men separate us from our first cousins, the Colobus or Guereza monkeys, is that we have simple bags for stomachs like humanfolk; whereas our cousins have what you call sacculated stomachs, which means their stomachs are like a lot of little sacs stuck together. A sac is a membranous pouch—a cavity or receptacle. Another difference is that our arms and legs are about the same length, whereas the legs of the Colobus or Guereza monkeys are longer than the arms.

SYSTEMATIC ZOOLOGY

I am explaining all this to you so that you might have some idea of what is meant by systematic zoology. You see, although the Guereza monkeys have many things in common with us Guenons, they all have those sacculated stomachs and are minus thumbs; so all monkeys of that kind are classed in a sub-family by themselves, and separated into different species according to little differences in their teeth formation, colour, shape, &c. Although we Guenon monkeys all have arms and legs about the same length, cheek pouches, and simple stomachs, yet there are many different kinds of us. For instance, there is a great difference

in my friend the Chacma baboon and myself, but all the same both he and I are Guenon monkeys, because we both possess cheek pouches, simple stomachs, &c.

MONKEYFOLK AND HUMANFOLK

We Guenon monkeys have got sense—yes, and lots of it too. You think because dogs and horses and other lower animalfolk can be trained to do different kinds of tricks and other things that they are very brainy. Yes, they are clever enough in their way, but you are able to train them in the way you do because they are what you call docile creatures. We monkeyfolk have very intelligent brains, but we are not so docile as dogs and horses, although when we are treated kindly we allow ourselves, sometimes, to be trained to do things which quite astonish the humanfolk. The humanfolk family, we admit, are the most intelligent creatures on the earth, and we monkeyfolk come next. There is just as much variety of intelligence amongst the different kinds of monkeys as there is with you humanfolk.

We Guenon monkeyfolk live now very much like the humanfolk of the Stone Age lived long ages ago. They lived in tribes or clans, and so do we. Each tribe or clan kept quite separate and had each their hunting-grounds. If another tribe trespassed, then there was a row, and the two would fight. Sometimes when a tribe would find their hunting-ground too small for their needs, they attacked another tribe, and if they were victorious they annexed the hunting-grounds of those they defeated, and added them to their own. Now we Guenon monkeyfolk do just the same. We associate in big families of perhaps a hundred or more under the chieftainship of the strongest warrior of the tribe. We guard our frontiers jealously, and at once attack any other monkeyfolk clan that may trespass. The tribe I belong to is a powerful one. We were not

Complete skeleton of a Vervet Monkey or Blaauw-aapje (*Cercopithecus pygerythrus*.) (Port Elizabeth Museum.)

Hands and Feet of Apes and Monkeys.—1, 2, Gorilla; 3–8, Chimpanzee; 9, 10, Orang; 11–13, Gibbon; 14, 15, Guereza; 16–18, Macaque; 19, 20, Baboon; 21, 22, Marmoset.

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd.

I am one of the Baboonfolk, and my home is in West Central Africa. Humanfolk say I am a cheeky, bold, and venturesome fellow. I am known as a Drill, which is an old humanfolk English word meaning ape or baboon. (After Brehm.)

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd.

content with the hunting-grounds which were sufficient for our needs when we first settled down by the banks of the Umgeni River in Natal. As our numbers increased food became scarce, so we made an attack on a neighbouring clan and defeated them. After a time a sort of land-hunger or desire for more territory seized us, and we gave battle to another clan. After a fierce fight we also defeated them and took their land. We at length succeeded in driving off all the other clans in our neighbourhood, until we owned all the territory for many miles around. It is a curious thing, but you humanfolk do just the same. I suppose you have inherited the instinct from us. First, when your ancestors were wild monkey-like men, living in caves and roaming about in search of berries, roots, herbs, and creatures to kill for food, you lived in clans for protection as we now do. Then, as your numbers increased, you grew bold and quarrelled with your weaker neighbours, and robbed them of their hunting-grounds. Some of the tribes of these wild men grew very large—so large and strong that other tribes could not stand against them. In time, these tribes became what you to-day call nations. Each nation still has its particular hunting-ground, and if any of the folk of any other nation dare to trespass and try to take any of it you all turn out and fight. So you see you do just as we do, only on a larger scale, that's all.

The following are the names of some of the Guenon monkeys :—

The Malbrouck monkey of Western Africa ; the Vervet monkey of South Africa ; the Grivet monkey of North-Eastern Africa ; the Black-browed Green monkey of West Africa ; the Patas monkey of Senegambia ; the Sykes monkey of East Africa ; the Black-bellied monkey of West Africa ; the Mona monkey of West Africa ; the Moustache monkey of West and Eastern Equatorial Africa ; the Hocheur monkey of Liberia and the Cameroons ; the Lesser White-

nosed monkey of the west coast; the Diana monkey of West Africa. These are only some of our family. There are dozens more.

HABITS AND CUSTOMS

We monkeyfolk have habits and customs, just like you humanfolk. I told you before, I think, that we live in tribes or clans, and look upon the members of any other clan or tribe as enemies. The humanfolk, whom you call uncivilised or savage, do just the same. If at any time they happen to surprise an individual of any other tribe, they try their best to kill him. So do we. Savage humanfolk have, I suppose, inherited that trait of character from us monkeyfolk. Sometimes we spy a scout of another tribe scouting around. We lay our plans, and do our best to capture him. If we succeed we take his life. They say "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature." So it is. We are intensely suspicious of all strangers. We always suspect them of having evil designs upon us. It takes a lot of evolving, I am told, to outgrow this habit of thought. Only the very highest and noblest of the humanfolk family have succeeded so far. Most humanfolk have not. It is said that if you are honest, upright, and straightforward yourself, you must necessarily think the same of others. If you are selfish, tricky, dishonest, and hypocritical yourself then, of course, you will imagine everybody else to be the same.

ESCAPED SLAVES

Sometimes monkeyfolk escape from their human captors, and make off into the bush. They are not happy, because they are compelled to lead solitary lives, for they dare not try to join any tribe of monkeyfolk. Once we came upon

an escaped slave. We hunted him down and killed him. We were afraid lest he might be a spy. I remember once, however, several of our tribe were captured by a farmer-man and carried off into slavery. A year afterwards one of the slaves escaped. We spied him in the bush, and gave chase. He fled in abject terror. We eventually overtook him. Our leader was just about to give the order to execute him, when with a cry, one of our number shouted out that he was of our clan. Yes, so he was. We gathered around him, and warmly welcomed him back. He told us all about the life he had led during his captivity. We learned a lot about the humanfolk and their ways from him. These humanfolk have some very funny customs. Our friend told us how the womenfolk squeezed their feet into little narrow shoes with high heels. We laughed out loud when he imitated the gingerly way they walked, and how they held up the tail of their skirts with one hand. Then he told us about how they deformed their bodies by squeezing in their ribs with tight things you call corsets, and how they drink a drug known as tea, and eat food every two or three hours each day. It's no wonder indeed that they get so ill. Then he told us about how humanfolk men puff smoke from their mouths. It seems they smoke a poisonous weed. There is a volatile poison called nicotine in this weed. When the smoke is drawn into the mouth, the poisonous oil is absorbed into the blood. This oil has a strong hypnotic or drugging effect upon the brain and nerves, which produces a soothing sort of feeling, like drugs called morphia, chlorodyne, and laudanum. He says the humanfolk youths ruin their bodies and brains by smoking this poisonous weed. They even breathe the smoke right down into the lungs. Many other things he told us about the ways and customs of humanfolk. It is very evident to us that humanfolk have much to learn, and a great many bad disease-producing habits to overcome.

LONG EXCURSIONS

We often make quite long excursions over the country. Of course we don't trespass on the hunting-grounds of any neighbouring tribe of monkeyfolk, unless we are strong and know we can drive them off if they should attack us. We know all the localities where the different kinds of fruits, berries, bulbs, and herbs grow. We also know just when they are fit to eat. We monkeyfolk are good naturalists—better than most of you humanfolk. We know just where and when to look for the eggs or young of the various small creatures of veld, mountain, and forest. We know which kinds of bushes to find the nice savoury caterpillars on. We know better than you which caterpillars are poisonous and which are good for food. After a heavy rain certain bulbs are very juicy and sweet, and various buds come forth, and fruits develop. We know just where these grow, so off we go and feast. We often send out scouts, who spy around everywhere, and report anything unusual they may see or find. If it should happen to be a crop of berries, a swarm of caterpillars, beetles, or anything good to eat, we all troop off to the spot.

Our baboon cousins prefer the rocky part of the country. We like the forests, and, as a rule, you won't find us very far from where there is plenty of water. Our favourite haunts are the forest-covered banks of rivers. The trees and the creepers grow larger and thicker along the banks of rivers, and in the deep kloofs and valleys, and we are thus able to hide better from our enemies. Besides, we find lots of wild fruits, berries, sweet bark, gum, insects, birds' eggs, and other things which are good to eat, in these thick belts of trees.

We are not a bit afraid of water, and if we find it necessary to get to the opposite side of a river, we swim across. Sometimes we swing ourselves across, if the branches of the trees

on both sides of the river are close enough for us to risk a jump.

OUR HOME LIFE

When the sun sets we make preparations to go home to bed. Our sleeping-places are the forks of the topmost branches of the great trees, away in the warmest and densest part of the forest. As many of us gather together as the fork of the tree will hold, and we all cling to each other, or to the branches and twigs for support. We bunch ourselves together like this to keep each other warm. Besides, there is safety in numbers—at least sometimes, for often we have been able to frighten off an enemy by all pretending to be getting ready to make a rush at him. When we wrinkle our brows and grin we look very fierce, I can assure you.

Our womenfolk carry their babies just like the humanfolk mothers do. Sometimes they have twins, but not often. They usually only have one baby to look after and rear at a time. The mother monkeys will give up their lives at any time in defence of their children. Many a time I have seen heroic acts, which shows that their mother love is very deep. Mother monkeys never desert or ill-treat their children, as some of your humanfolk mothers do.

We are very early risers, for as soon as it is light we are up. We don't always get up early, but it isn't because we are lazy. When the trees are laden with dew, or if it is raining, then we keep as cosy as we can until the leaves and bushes get dry. We don't like getting wet, because our fur gets so draggly, and we get cold and shivery.

WE ARE STRONG AND TOUGH

We look lanky and thin, but I can assure you we are wiry and strong. We can jump and swing from bough to

bough all day long, and not feel a bit tired. When you humanfolk take even one hour's gymnastic exercise, you are tired out. We use every muscle in our bodies every day, and have to work hard for our living, that's why we are so hardy, healthy, and strong. Besides, we don't eat more than is good for us, like so many humanfolk do; neither do we drink poison, which you call alcohol; nor do we poison our brains and bodies with nicotine and other poisonous drugs. It is very rare for any of our tribe to die of sickness. We are either killed and eaten by our enemies, shot or trapped by you humanfolk, or we die of old age.

THE FARMERFOLK HATE US

The farmerfolk are our greatest enemies. We fear them worse than any other animal, because they are so clever. We thought ourselves cunning and sharp, but they beat us. We live in constant dread of them. They lay traps for us and hunt us, because they say we steal their crops. We don't call it by that name. You see, the country was ours long ages before you humanfolk came trespassing here. The broad veld, the forests and streams, were our hunting-grounds. Then the humanfolk came and pegged out all the most fertile parts, where the juiciest bulbs grew, and the shrubs which teemed with the sweetest of berries and fruits. They even invaded our forest homes, and have cut down and burned whole forests. When they planted corn, vegetables, and fruits, of course we thought, and we still think, we have a perfect right to help ourselves, and we do whenever we get the chance.

We have learned from bitter experience to be careful. In the past our folk were shot in hundreds by those farmer-folk, because they were too venturesome. Now, when we raid the mealie or pumpkin fields, or invade the orchards or vegetable gardens, we plan it all out, and place our

sentries to sound the alarm, if danger should threaten. With all our precautions we are often outwitted. We pride ourselves on our sense of taste and smell, which enables us to detect any berry, fruit, or herb, which is poisonous. We have found we cannot even rely on these powers of ours. You humanfolk chemists have learned even to outwit us in spite of our keen sense of taste and smell; but all the same, it isn't often you succeed. You have to be very cunning and crafty to deceive us into eating poisoned food.

A GOOD IDEA

Do you know what would be a good idea for travellers in the wilds of foreign countries? They ought to take one of the monkeys of that country with them, and make use of him as a "poison tester."

Travellers often run short of food. Even when they can manage to kill plenty of animals to furnish them with flesh food, they soon get sick if they cannot get vegetable food or fruit to eat. If the monkey ate any berries, fruits, herbs, or roots offered to him, then it would be quite safe for the travellers to do the same. When a farmer settles for the first time in a new country, he could very soon find out by this means which plants, roots, fruits, &c., were poisonous, and which were good to eat.

HOW THEY TRIED TO POISON ME

When I was a child, my mother was shot by a farmer man, and I was taken into slavery. My master was very kind. He used to play with me every day, and bring me all kinds of nice things to eat. He taught me a great number of tricks, and when he had visitors I used to amuse them. My master went away to England, and as he couldn't take me with him, I was given to a friend of his. My new

master was also kind, but I didn't like him nearly so much as my former master. One day a crowd of rude, cruel boys teased me dreadfully by poking sticks at me, and trying to hurt me by throwing pebbles. I was chained up, or else they wouldn't have dared to insult me in that way. I got dreadfully angry. In fact I was so irritable that I lost my presence of mind, for when my master came along as usual to play with me, I sprang at him, alighted on his shoulder and gashed his throat and neck with my teeth.

All the following day I was starved. I felt dreadfully hungry, and began to get alarmed lest they were going to allow me to starve to death. Next morning my master came along with a plate of mashed bananas, which were my favourite dainty. I seized the dish and took a mouthful. I instantly spat it out again, for it was poisoned. Nothing would induce me to eat any of that food. All that day I fasted. The following morning two bananas were tossed to me. They had their peels on, so I did not suspect they were poisoned, but they were, for as soon as I tore a bit of skin off, I could tell by the smell. I tested both in this way. My master tried other ways to poison me, and used different kinds of poisons, but I detected them all. I heard him tell a friend that he had tried all the most tasteless and odourless of poisons known to human chemistry. Yes, they were perhaps tasteless and odourless to your blunted and coarse senses of smell and taste, but not so to my highly-trained and developed senses. I can assure you there are many easier things to do than to poison a monkey.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MONKEY

I am one of the blue apes, or vervet monkeys. Almost ever since I can remember, I have been chained up to a pole with a cosy box at the top. My master kept different breeds of fowls, which he was very proud of. I used to

have fine games with those degenerate birds, which are content to do nothing else but lay eggs all their lives for their master's breakfast, and when they grow old are content to be sent to market to be sold to supply flesh food for townspeople. At last I got tired of scaring them off, or tumbling them over and over. I used to try all kinds of dodges to capture the old rooster, but he was far too 'cute. He would stand by the hour and eye me suspiciously. As soon as I climbed my pole, he strutted forward, and with one eye on me, would gobble up the remains of my dinner, in the dish on the ground. I tried to drop upon him, but he was too smart. I wasn't going to be beaten by a common fowl—not I. Sitting in my box, I spent a whole day in thought. My head ached with the effort. I was rewarded. A brilliant idea occurred to me. Next day I pretended to be sick, and just nibbled my food. The rooster came as usual, and when I was at a safe distance began gobbling up the food. I paid no heed. This went on all that day, and the next. I saw that the old cock's suspicions were growing less and less. The third day I left most of my food uneaten, and lay apparently fast asleep on the ground.

The cock eyed me for a long time. Then he made ever so many feints to try to draw me. I lay perfectly still. At last he approached, gave a peck or two and bolted. Again and again he tried this dodge. Seeing I remained apparently asleep and oblivious of his actions he became bolder. Judging my distance I propelled myself like a stone from a sling and grabbed him by the leg. He shrieked and gabbled in mortal terror, and his wives joined in the chorus. Holding him down with my feet, which are quite as good as hands, I began to pluck his feathers out. What fun I had, to be sure, and how I chattered and grinned to see those feathers float away in the breeze. When I had plucked nearly all his feathers off my master suddenly came riding down the avenue. I let the rooster go, but my

master's eagle eye had seen what I had been up to. He jumped off his horse, hitched it up and disappeared. Presently he came back with a thing you call a hose in his hand. The hose was squirting out a big stream of water. He turned this on me. Finding I was being almost drowned in my box, I leapt to the ground, and sprang about here, there, and everywhere, but that avenging stream of water followed me everywhere. At last I lay down utterly exhausted and almost drowned. I never plucked a live fowl again.

WE HAVE LONG MEMORIES

People say we are vindictive and don't forget to pay off a grudge. Well, I admit we have that trait of character. You see we are not so highly evolved as many of you humanfolk. We only have the lower animal portions of our brains well-developed and active. The parts which make animals and humanfolk kind, gentle, and humane are very small in us monkeyfolk. You humanfolk haven't so very much to boast of after all. There are great numbers of you who are more unkind, more selfish, revengeful, spiteful and cruel than even the worst of us. Why, there are whole races of you humanfolk who eat each other. Yes, they even kill and eat their poor old fathers and mothers, because they are too old and feeble to work.

Well, this isn't exactly what I was going to say.

One day a young lady came to see me. She began to tease me by throwing stones at me. Then she tempted me with sweets and fruit, and when I was about to take them she would snatch them away again. She made me dreadfully angry, and I sprang at her again and again, but she took good care to keep out of reach of me. How I wished I could snap my chain. Throwing a dish of water over me she went away.

The Ghost of Cuyler Manor, near Port Elizabeth. He scared the wits out of the coloured folk. He wasn't really a ghost, you know. He was only an Albino Vervet Monkey. Mr. Cuyler captured him, and he was kept alive for a long time in the Port Elizabeth Museum.

Four months later she again visited my master's house. Thinking I had forgotten her she advanced with some bananas. I went forward meekly, pretending I was very pleased and thankful for her kindness, when, with a spring I alighted on her breast, and before she could escape I gave her a severe bite, and tore her nice silk blouse to ribbons. My master came out and thrashed me with a whip, which I thought was very unjust of him.

A HAUNTED FOREST

I am one of the clan of blue apes who live in the thick thorny bush of the low range of hills which run from the sea, away out Uitenhage direction in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony. There are a lot of farmerfolk out there, and as food is rather scarce and unpalatable we help ourselves to the farmers' mealies and other crops. We love mealies, and risk death to get them.

One day there was great excitement in our tribe. A most remarkable thing had occurred. A baby was born, and it was white. Yes, true enough, its skin was pinkish-white and its hair was pure white, except for two or three patches of monkey colour. This white monkey-fellow grew up to manhood, and was a source of terror to the human-folk. A jolly old farmer was riding home from the great Agricultural Show in Port Elizabeth late one evening. Hearing a rustle in the trees ahead, he saw a white form flitting about in the moonlight. Putting spurs to his horse he made for home. When he arrived there, he called for brandy to revive him, and a brush to smooth down the hair which was standing up like bristles on his head. Then he told how he had seen a ghost—a real genuine ghost. His family pretended to believe him, but they winked at each other, for they knew he had been all day in town at the show amongst his cronies, and had been indulging

in a poisonous drug you people call alcohol, which makes you imagine you see things which do not really exist, and which makes you do and say things you are ashamed of afterwards.

THE TERROR OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD

The fame of our white friend soon spread far and wide. The natives, half-castes and others, who prowled around our hunting-grounds caught glimpses of the ghost, which, according to their distorted imaginations, took on all kinds of shapes. Anyway we were delighted, for these coloured folk were a nuisance to us, for their masters were always putting them up to laying traps for us. When the rumour went the rounds that a ghost inhabited the forest they vanished, and no power on earth would make them return.

There was one gentleman who knew what the ghost really was, but he lay low and said nothing, as these promiscuous coloured folk had been a pest and a nuisance to him, for a great many of them have instincts akin to us. We don't recognise the right to private property. We are true Socialists. So are they, and they put their doctrines into practice, and help themselves to what the farmers call their private property.

THE GHOST WAS CAPTURED

The fame of that ghost monkey spread afar. It got to the ears of the man at the Port Elizabeth Museum. He managed to persuade the owner of the estate where our tribe lived to try and capture the ghost. After trying all kinds of dodges he rigged up a clever trap, and the ghost was caught and sent in to the museum. They kept him in a cage there for about a year. Thousands of people went to see him. Everybody in Port Elizabeth went

to have a look at him, and stuffed him with sweets, fruit, and cake.

One day a group of those weak, flat-chested, pale-faced humanfolk youths, who stunt their growth and poison their brains and bodies by smoking cigarettes, and actually inhaling the smoke into their lungs, strolled into the museum. One of them, who thought himself very clever, gave the monkey a cigarette, which he chewed up and swallowed. About an hour afterwards he got convulsions and suffered agonies of pain for nearly a day, and then died.

HOW WE SCARED A TENDERFOOT

He was a young man fresh from England. The colonial humanfolk couldn't teach him anything—not they. He knew how to stalk game, and was prepared to face anything living. He wasn't going to be scared by the tales which colonials told him of the fierce Black Mamba snakes, and the various wild creatures of veld, forest, and mountain. He had quite a passion for scouting around with his gun. One day I spied him meandering along the bank of the Umgeni River in Natal. The banks were densely wooded, the trees being thick and tall with their tops matted with creepers, which you call " monkey ropes." I passed the word along to the rest of the tribe, who were busy gathering berries. About two hundred of us gathered together, and when the tenderfoot came along to the river's edge, at the opposite side to where we were, we suddenly sprang forward, yelling at him in monkey language, raising and lowering our brows, and showing our brilliant white teeth. The sight of such a host of grinning, jet-black faces, peering at him from the gloom, struck terror to his heart. Presently he came to his senses, and dropping his gun, he rushed madly away. We climbed to the tree tops, and watched

him disappear over a distant hill. He had evidently mistaken us for a troop of devils.

We crossed over the river by jumping from an overhanging branch to another on the opposite side, and gathered round the gun he had cast aside. We all fingered it gingerly at first, then boldly. Some of the tribe began to quarrel over it, and a free fight followed. Whilst the menfolk were fighting in twos, threes, and half-dozens, the womenfolk and children were trying to unravel the mystery of that gun. One of them pulled a part of it, which clicked. Presently a column of smoke belched forth from the end of the gun. With a yell, we fled away to the innermost recesses of a forest-clad kloof.

When we gathered together to talk the matter over, we found that ever so many of our menfolk had little leaden pellets sticking in their skins. Some were seriously wounded, but none were killed. It was lucky we women had carried the gun some distance away from the men whilst they were fighting with each other.

I forgot to mention that one of our womenfolk got badly wounded when that gun went off. Her arm was in a line with the barrel, and only about a foot from the muzzle when it went off. Her arm below the elbow was blown clean away. The pain she suffered was awful, but she got well again, for the stump healed up all right. You see, we lead a healthy out-of-door life, and we don't smoke and breathe bad air and eat rich food all day long, like you humanfolk do; so our blood is always pure, and our bodies are strong, so when we get wounded we recover very quickly.

TRAPPED

One day we made a raid on a farmer's mealie field, and were busy eating the sweet young mealies off the cobs, when

I am a Vervet Monkey or Blaauw-aapje, and was peacefully eating mealies from a cob when two covetous rascals tried to rob me of my food. In the struggle one pulled the other's tail, and while they were quarrelling, I escaped.

several of our people saw a pile of ripe mealies lying upon the ground. There was a sort of little shelter over them. At first we were suspicious, and examined the surroundings, for we are always on the alert in case the farmerfolk should be playing tricks upon us. The little shelter seemed innocent enough. It was evident to us that it had been arranged to protect the mealies from the rain. Several of us in our greed rushed in together, when, with a thud, something fell in our rear, and we were prisoners—caught in a most ingenious trap. We fought and struggled to open that door. Then we tried every portion of the cage, but, alas! it was made of strong iron bars. I was one of the captives. One of the other captives was the lady who had her forearm blown away when the gun went off about which I have just been telling you.

We were all put into another cage by the farmer-man who caught us, and duly sent in to market, on his ox-wagon, strapped on to the top of a load of wattle bark drawn by sixteen oxen.

Different people bought us, and we were taken away into slavery. We were heartbroken when we were being parted, for we well knew that none of us would ever see each other again, or any of our clan. I have been many years a captive and have grown to like it. In fact, I wouldn't care to go back again to my old life, with all its hardships and dangers. I have a comfortable box, and get plenty to eat, and my master's children come every day to play with me. I have a puppy dog who is my particular chum just now. He is a dear little fellow, and I delight in nursing him, and picking the fleas off him.

A TALE OF WOE

I am one of the blue ape or Vervet kind of monkey. I have had a long life, and if I were to tell you all the

adventures I have had they would fill a book. When I grew to manhood I was an athlete. As time went on my strength increased, and I grew larger than any of the other monkeyfolk of my tribe. I had already had many fights with those who claimed to be stronger than I. Finding I was able to beat them all, I began to harbour ambitious thoughts. The chief of our clan was a big hulking fellow, with huge muscles and large sharp teeth. He kept us young menfolk in abject subjection, and compelled us to do his bidding. Woe betide any one of us who dared to dispute his authority.

I let another year go by, and finding my strength had increased a great deal, I determined to make an attempt to overthrow the chief, and become leader of the clan myself. Failure meant death, or flight and a life of solitude. I took those risks. One day, when I was feeling at my best, I picked a quarrel with the chief. With a roar of rage he sprang upon me. We fought long and desperately. I broke away from him whenever I could, and pretended to be beaten. Leaping from branch to branch I decoyed him on, until I saw he was growing tired. I closed again and after a long and terrible fight I killed him. I didn't mean to take his life. As a rule, when a chief is beaten, he escapes into the bush, and lives by himself, unless a few of the womenfolk care to follow him, as is often the case.

DRIVEN INTO EXILE

I assumed the chieftainship, much to the envy of my friends. You see, we monkeyfolk rise to power by physical strength and courage. Might is right with us. With you humanfolk it is the man with the best quality of brains who usually rises to the top. People who live just to eat and drink and gratify their animal instincts are not of much account, even if they should have plenty of money, or belong to what you call the aristocracy. We

monkeyfolk never abuse the instincts which God has implanted in us. True, we gratify our various instincts, but we always do so in strict moderation. With all your boasted knowledge and wisdom a very great number of you are abject slaves to your animal instincts, which, with abuse, have grown abnormal.

Well, I ruled my clan in a just and wise manner, and beat off all rivals for many years. Whenever I saw that any of our menfolk were getting big and strong, I would pick a quarrel and drive them off into exile. One day I tried the old game, but my foe proved more than my match. At first I couldn't believe it, but feeling myself growing weak with loss of blood and many wounds, I tore myself from his clutches and escaped. For days I followed the clan at a respectful distance. When my wounds healed I returned. The new chief pounced upon me, and again we fought long and fiercely. It was of no use. I found he was the stronger. I had forgotten I was growing old, and that my teeth were worn down, whilst his were sharp, and he had all the vim and fire of healthy manhood.

A LONELY LIFE

I fled away into the innermost recesses of the forest. None of the younger people or the womenfolk elected to follow me, so I was entirely alone. I couldn't bear to be quite alone at first, and hung about within a quarter of a mile of the clan. The chief discovered me one day, and chased me for three miles. I managed to get away, or, I am sure, in his rage he would have killed me.

I have now lived for three years and a half a lonely, miserable exile. I feel the time is not far distant when I shall depart this life to go to the happy hunting-grounds of my folk, in the realms of the spirit world.

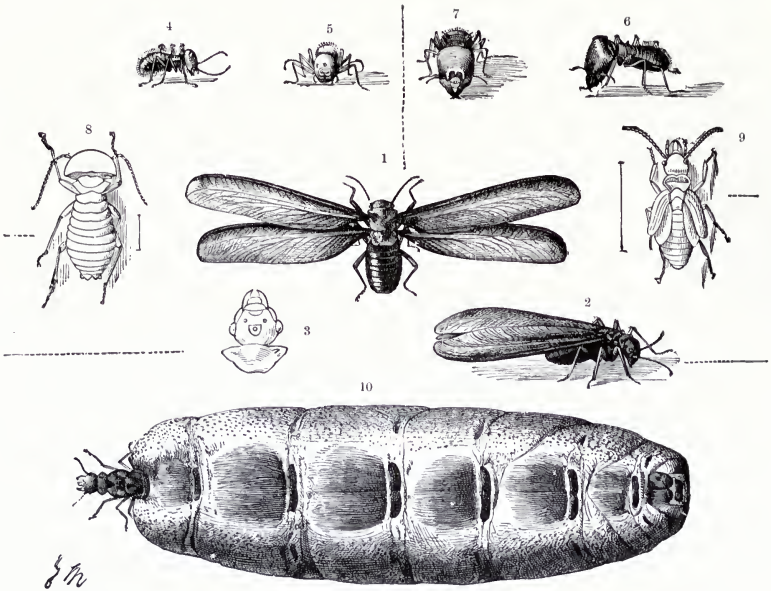
ATTACKED BY A MAMBA

I am one of the Vervet monkey tribe. My clan lives on the banks of the White Umfolosi River in Zululand. That country is a delightful place. Everything which we require for food grows there in abundance. The forests are large and magnificent. Everything seems to grow easily, and without any trouble. The wild flowers are gorgeous, and their perfume, which arises during the evening, is delightful.

But there are serpents in our Garden of Eden. We dread these snakes with a terrible, haunting dread. They are the mambas. There are black and green mambas. The black ones are the worst. They are fierce and bold. One day we were having a game of hide-and-seek amongst the branches, and all of a sudden, with a rush, about a dozen of us collided with a pair of black mambas, who were courting. Hissing with fury they both bit right and left. It all occurred in an instant of time. We retreated to the topmost branches of a distant forest giant. Three of our number had been bitten. They cried and moaned piteously. The deadly venom quickly took effect. They grew giddy, became convulsed, and one by one died miserably.

THE WHITE ANTS

One day we were gathered together on the ground, feasting upon what you call "white ants," or Termites. These white ants do a great deal of harm to you humanfolk, because they get into your houses and tunnel the woodwork hollow. They eat the farmer's fencing poles, and anything else they can get hold of in the shape of wood or other vegetable matter. In the forests they serve a good purpose. God has evolved them for the purpose of eating up all



Termites or "White Ants" and their development.—1 and 2. Winged Males; 3. The head, enlarged; 4. Worker; 5. Worker, front view; 6 and 7. Soldier, side and front view; 8. Worker, much enlarged; 9. Nymph; 10. Queen, life size.

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd.

the dead and decaying timber. In Natal, Zululand, the Eastern Transvaal, and all through Central Africa great thunderstorms and storms of wind rage from time to time. Trees are frequently struck and killed by lightning; others are overthrown by the raging wind. Others grow old and diseased. The white ants eat up all the trees which fall to the ground, as well as twigs, branches, and other vegetable matter. They also climb up the trunks of the decaying trees, and slowly eat them up. They chew up the woody matter to a pulp and store it away in their underground homes for food for their children.

These white ants have a queen, who grows fatter than any Kafir chief. She is as thick and long as a humanfolk man's thumb. Every now and again great hosts of fertile male and female ants get wings. Then there are great celebrations. Those winged white ants swarm out of the nest in millions, and soar away into the air. Those which are not gobbled up by the birds, the animals, the spiders, and toads lose their wings, and start new homes of their own.

ATTACKED BY A LEOPARD

These white ants are dainty morsels, for they have such a delicious flavour and are so very nourishing. One day about two dozen of us monkeyfolk were gathered in a bunch, and were all busy capturing the winged white ants, which you call "flying ants." The best way is to sit and pick them up with your finger and thumb, just as they are coming up out of the holes which the worker ants make for them. Then hold the wings and pop the body into your mouth, and the wings come off, which you may throw away. This was what we were all busy doing. In our hurry and greed we hadn't thought of danger and didn't post a sentry, because we were in our own particular retreat, and didn't fear an enemy. Little did we know that a huge leopard

had all the time been lying stretched along a great branch overhead, and was watching us with his half-closed greenish-yellow eyes. But so it was. With a thud his great body fell in the midst of us. With a double sweep right and left, he stunned or maimed three of us, and seized another in his jaws. It was useless to tackle him. We were powerless against such an enemy; so we sprang into the trees and chattered and yelled, and made fierce faces, hoping against hope to frighten him off. He heeded us not, but deliberately crushed the neck bones of his victims. We sat there, high up in the branches of a yellow-wood tree and watched him eat up two of our folk. Picking up two more he carried them off just like a cat carries her kittens. We followed at a distance and saw him climb up a large tree, and when he got about twenty feet from the ground he placed the bodies of our poor murdered friends in a fork. Climbing a little higher he stretched himself along a big branch and dozed.

We held a great council meeting that evening and decided to leave our home in that forest and seek another, for now that the leopard had found us out we should have been hunted at all times.

MANY OTHER ENEMIES

We have a great number of enemies, and it is no wonder we are so suspicious and so watchful. We never know the moment that from some hole, cleft, or bush, an enemy may pounce out and kill one or more of us. With all our cleverness we are often outwitted. The great African python, which grows to twenty feet long, lies still as death stretched along a branch, ready at any moment to drop down upon or lunge out at one of us. Once seized by his curved teeth, there is no hope for us, for in the fraction of a second his huge coils are around his victim.

The Serval (*Felis serval*) making his spring. The Africander people call him Tijger-bosch-kat or Tijger-kat; the Amaxosa people, Indhlozi; the Zulus and Swazis, Indhloti; the Basutos, Tlodi; and the Bechuanus, Tali.

Often those terrible snakes lie and watch for us at the pools where we go to drink. One hot sweltering day we all trooped down to a pond to have a drink, and wash our heads and faces. We scattered all about the neighbourhood and scouted about, but no enemies were to be seen. Thinking all safe we began to drink and dip our heads and splash the water over each other. Like a lightning flash a brown streak shot out of the water, and one of our folk was in the coils of a great python. It seems that the python had sunk himself under the water and waited his chance. These snakes often make use of that dodge. They keep the tip of the nose out of the water until they see a buck, or one of us, or some other creature approaching. Then the head is silently withdrawn under the water, and the snake watches until his intended victim is within reach. These snakes can live for an hour or even two hours or more with their heads under water. They are cold-blooded creatures, and can live a long time without breathing. If we warm-blooded folk were deprived of air for even two minutes we should die.

THE WILD CATS

An enemy we dread is a big cat as large as a pointer dog, called a Serval or Tijger-bosch-kat. He lies concealed in the grass or thick creeper-covered bush, and when any of our folk come within reach, he springs upon them. One day, as the sun was setting, we were chasing and capturing beetles which were coming out of the crevices of an old tree in the forest, when a Serval shot straight up with one bound from the ground, a distance of twelve feet, to a branch where my chum and I were sitting. Seizing my friend with his claws and teeth, both dropped with a thud to the ground. My chum fought valiantly. Screwing up our courage we raised a loud war-cry and assaulted the Serval. He didn't wait for the onslaught, but with a bound vanished

into the bush. Alas! my chum was dying. We all embraced him. He muttered a feeble good-bye and died.

We have several other enemies. The slim Cheetah, or Hunting Leopard, kills and devours us. He lies hidden until we venture away from the forest to dig up bulbs and hunt for berries and insects. Then with a swift rush he is amongst us, and always manages to capture at least one of our number. Sometimes he kills two or three. All we can do under such circumstances is to make for the trees as fast as possible. The Dutch people call the Cheetah a Vlackte tijger.

Then there is another enemy which we dread. He is known as the Caracal or Rooi-kat. His colour is brick-red and he is as big as a pointer dog.

THE ADVENTURES OF A MOTHER MONKEY

My friend a little while ago was telling you about how our curiosity overcame us one day when that tenderfoot fellow bolted home to his mother and left his gun lying upon the ground; and how we got fingering and examining the gun; and how it suddenly went off and blew off the arm of one of the monkeyfolk. Well, I was one of the victims of that accident. I had the fingers of my right hand blown off. My hand healed up quite quickly, because I was healthy and strong and my blood was rich and red. You see we monkeyfolk take lots of exercise and eat simple foods. That's why we are so tough and strong. You humanfolk are very wise in some ways, but you are very foolish in other ways. Why, most of you break the laws of health and hygiene almost every day, and when you get ill you grumble furiously, and vent your ill-humour upon your friends, acquaintances, or servants; or else you talk spiteful gossip, and slander each other.

The clan to which I belonged were in the habit of

The Caracal, Lynx, or Rooi-kat (*Felis caracal*), who levies a heavy toll upon us monkeyfolk. He lies concealed in the dense undergrowth and pounces out upon us when we least suspect danger. He is as big as a pointer dog.

The Kafir Cat (*Felis caffra*), whom colonists call the Bull Head, the Wild Cat, the Graauw-kat. The Zulu people know him as the Impaka or Imbodhla. This is the fellow who hunts and devours us poor, innocent little Lemurfolk. He claims that his tribe are the ancestors of your degenerate domestic cats. He is as big as your largest tom cat and much stronger.

helping ourselves to mealies, Kafir corn, fruit, and pumpkins, which grew not far from the forest in which we dwelt. A farmer-man said these things were his special property, but we didn't believe in any one being allowed to be so greedy, so we thought we were quite justified in taking a small portion. That farmer fellow, however, didn't think as we did about the matter. He declared war against us, and planned out many kinds of ways to kill us. Many times he waylaid us unawares, and shot several of us with his gun. My friend has already told you how several of the clan were cleverly trapped in a mealie field. I, too, got trapped. It was in this way.

A CLEVER STRATAGEM

One day from our retreat high up in a forest tree, we spied the farmer carrying something. He threw it to the ground at the edge of the forest and departed. When he was a safe distance away we sent a couple of scouts to find out what he had been up to. They returned and reported that about a dozen ripe mealie cobs were lying upon the ground. The scouts said they had carefully smelt them over and tasted some, but there was no trace of poison upon them.

We all trooped off to see for ourselves. Yes, true enough the mealies were there. Satisfying ourselves they were not poisoned, we ate them up. Next day we visited the spot and found a lot more. This went on for several days. We were delighted. It was quite clear to us that the farmer had repented and that his conscience was sorely troubling him for having murdered so many of our clan, and otherwise persecuted us, and that this was his way of expiating his crimes.

One morning we trooped off as usual to see if more mealies had been left for us. We chattered, joked, and

laughed merrily, as we jumped, hopped, and swung from bough to bough. Yes, right enough, there was a pile of delicious mealies, as usual, and some ripe fruit too. Crowding forward we began to pick up the food as fast as we could, when there was a sudden bang like a door slamming violently.

There's no need to waste time going into details. That noise was made by a large iron-barred door falling. When we recovered from our fright we found that we were enclosed in a cleverly-constructed trap, which had been ingeniously concealed. In our eagerness to seize the mealies, we had set off the spring and were prisoners.

We tore and struggled and shook, and viciously bit the bars until we were exhausted; so we huddled together for sympathy and gave ourselves up for lost.

During the afternoon we saw the farmer-man and two Kafirs approaching. We renewed our efforts to escape, but the cage was strongly made. Instead of killing us as we fully expected, the Kafirs cut down a straight branch, made it into a pole, and tying the cage to it they marched off with us.

There were a good many of us. I don't know just how many, because I never learned to count.

Well, anyway, we were sold into slavery. I was put in a box with another mother monkey, who had twins about a month old. I only had one baby, who was about a month old. It was a dear, lovable little thing, and oh! how I loved it. My one dread all along since my capture was that the humanfolk might take my baby away from me. The poor little dear, he was too young to know or realise the dangerous plight his mother was in. He clung all the time to my breast, peering out with his little innocent eyes every now and then, and diving his tiny pink face amongst my fur, when he heard any strange noise, or saw any of the humanfolk.

We eventually found ourselves at a town called Port Elizabeth. We were carried along a street and taken into a place full of all kinds of wonderful creatures. We were terrified at first. We learned afterwards that they were all stuffed. The place was the Port Elizabeth museum. The museum-man took us out of our box and let us loose in a large roomy cage with big branches inside.

LIFE AT THE MUSEUM

We soon lost our nervous dread of the humanfolk, for they all looked so pleasant, and gave us cakes, sweets, fruits, nuts, and other delicious foods. Hundreds of humanfolk children used to come to see us nearly every day. The boys saved up their coppers and bought monkey nuts for us. The little girls begged cakes and fruit of their mothers, and brought it as an offering to us. We began to grow quite conceited, and I am afraid we were spoilt. We began to imagine ourselves of vast importance, and thought the humanfolk must surely have mistaken us for gods, and this was their way of worshipping us. The humanfolk children used to laugh till they cried, at the antics of our children, who were now beginning to grow strong, and would insist upon playing all kinds of games with us. The twins were really too funny, though. The tricks they played upon each other, and upon my boy, and even upon us mother monkeys, were really so absurd at times, that even a seasick person would have laughed.

You humanfolk are fond of dogs. We hate them with a bitter hatred, for they help the humanfolk to hunt us down. Our tribe have an instinctive fear and dread of dogs, and all of their tribe. You see, the dog is only a tamed sort of a wolf, and in the far past the wolves and their relations killed and ate our people whenever they got the chance.

So in consequence we have a sort of hereditary fear of these canine creatures.

One day we were having a game with our children, when my friend spied a big dog approaching our cage. She instantly raised a cry of warning. Our children rushed to our arms, and clung to us in terror. My friend bounded up to the far corner of the cage, where I had sought refuge with my child. Dragging her twins from her breast, where they were clinging tightly, she hastily asked me to look after them. Seizing them, I hugged all three close in my arms and placed my body between them and the dog.

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw that my friend had advanced down to the foot of the sloping tree, near the bars of the cage, and was facing the dog, daring him to approach. So fierce were her cries, and so determined did she look, that the dog turned and fled away.

You mustn't think it is only humanfolk mothers who love their children. We monkeyfolk love ours just as much, and even more. We would at any time give up our lives in defence of our children. Many a time the mother monkeys of the clan I was a member of perished in the endeavour to protect their children from some savage wild beast, who had been lying in wait ready to pounce upon some of the children when their mothers were off their guard.

We remained at the museum for six months or more. One day we were caught and placed in a big box, and sent away over the ocean to a distant country called Germany, where we were placed in another cage at a place called a "Zoo." We are still there, and like the life all right, although we often long to be back again in our native forests, where the vegetation grows so beautiful, and the sun shines so brightly. However, I suppose, we cannot have everything we desire in this life on earth. We should all be philosophical, and make the best of present circumstances.

The Martial Eagle (*Eutolmætus bellicosus*), who soars aloft and drops down upon the monkeyfolk, either stunning or killing them outright with the shock.

What's the good of constantly grumbling and comparing our lot with that of others. We ought just to make the best of what blessings we have. Most of us don't know how well off we are until we lose some of the things we have through our carelessness and discontent. I could tell you lots of interesting things which befell me and my clan when I was free in the South African forests, but the humanfolk fellow who is writing down what I am telling you, says I have talked quite enough, and that he is tired; so good-bye, dear friends.

THE MARTIAL EAGLE

The Martial eagle is a terrible fellow. He is as big as a turkey, and the muscles of his thighs are as large as those on a humanfolk man's arm. His beak is strong and curved, and his talons—it makes me shiver with fear when I think of them. They are enormous. We pride ourselves on our keen eyesight, but the eye of this eagle is like a telescope. He perches himself aloft upon a pinnacle of rock, and when he sees any of us monkeyfolk frolicking in the branches of some great forest tree, he silently launches himself forth, and, flying high up in the air, poises himself, and down he comes like a thunderbolt, and these cruel talons strike one of us folk with such terrific force that he is either stunned or instantly killed.

The crafty rascal usually waits till he sees some of our folk out in the open, for we are then at his mercy. A terrible fight occurred once, between a Martial eagle and one of the menfolk of the clan to which I belonged. The eagle stooped upon him with terrible force; he partly evaded the impact, but was caught by the eagle's talons before he could escape. Dazed by the shock, and the repeated blows delivered by the eagle's sharp beak, he lay as though dead. The eagle soared aloft with his prey, but when in mid-air

our friend revived, and a terrible fight was waged. We saw our friend grapple with his enemy, and after a few moments down they came through the air. Recovering, the eagle attempted to right himself and fly off, but he was evidently grievously hurt, for after a few attempts he and his victim came with a crash to the ground. After a time we ventured out. What a terrible sight it was. Both the eagle and his victim were dead. The eagle's talons were still buried deep in the flesh of our poor friend.

There are three or four kinds of large and powerful eagles, who are constantly on the look-out to capture and make a meal of one of us.

OUR BRAIN LOBES

We monkeyfolk are cautious and suspicious by nature, and are consequently always on the look-out for danger. You see, our brains are made up of different parts. That is, one part gives rise to the feeling of fear, another to that of anger, another is aroused when we are hungry, another when we think, and so on. We have so many enemies that, unless we are constantly on our guard against them, we should stand but little chance of living to an old age. So having to use one or two brain lobes so much, they have developed largely, like the muscles of your arm would if you used them often. That's why we as a race are cunning, 'cute, and suspicious. Whatever part or parts of the brain are used most, these parts grow larger and stronger than the rest; so take my advice and train and develop only the best parts of your brain.

THE SAMANGO

I am a Samango monkey. The Vervets, or blue apes, are first cousins of mine. I am a long lanky-looking fellow.

The aristocratic Samango (*Cercopithecus samango*), who loves the deep, forest-clad gorges, and who refuses to have anything to do with his cousin the Vervet. (After Sclater.)

From Sclater's "Fauna of South Africa."

The hair of my body is ringed black and yellow, the black rings being the longest. I am darkest on the head. The colour of my body is lighter.

We Samango fellows don't like our cousins the Vervets, so we never associate with them. We look upon them as common folk. We live in families away in the quietest and deepest kloofs and gorges, where the forest trees grow thick, and are matted all over the top with creepers. We love these gloomy, dark haunts, and seldom wander far from them. Our food is what God provides for us in the shape of berries, wild fruits, buds, sweet bark, seeds, and any insects we can find. There are several kinds of caterpillars of which we are very fond. Butterflies come along and lay millions of eggs on the leaves in the tree tops. These eggs hatch out into tiny caterpillars. We leave them till they grow big and fat with the leaves they feast on, then we feast on them. You humanfolk are very fortunate in having such a great number of things to choose from. Why, I am told there are hundreds, and even thousands, of different kinds of foods which you people can eat. Our diet is very limited. After all, I think we are much better off, because our food being so simple, and having to take so much exercise in order to get it, we are healthy and strong, and don't keep getting sick like you humanfolk. Nearly all your sickness is due to eating too much, also from eating the wrong kinds of foods, living so much in stuffy houses and breathing bad air.

Our tribe are only found in the dense forest districts along the east coast of South Africa and up as far as Angola.

The Zulu people hunt and kill us for our beautiful skins, which they wear around their loins. When the Zulus were a great warlike nation, one of the regiments wore the skins of us poor monkeyfolk to distinguish themselves from all the rest. In those days we were constantly hunted and

killed, for the Zulu soldiers had to have the proper dress before they could join this particular regiment.

The natives are very fond of our skins to make rugs you call karosses with. We are often captured and sent away to places called Zoological Gardens, where they keep us for humanfolk to come and stare at.

The leopards, cheetahs, servals, rooi-kats, and pythons are our chief enemies. Great eagles also pounce upon and carry off our children whenever they get the chance. The Dassievanger is the worst of them.

We fear you humanfolk worst of all. We often wonder why you persecute us so dreadfully. I suppose it is because you can sell our skins for a few shillings. What a pity there are not some kind of folks who would come along and hunt you humanfolk, like you do us. We don't blame you for trying to kill us when we come and help ourselves to your mealies and fruit ; but we don't think it fair for you to come right away into our wild haunts, where we live in peace and don't do you any harm. I want to tell you one thing, and it is this. If you capture any of our folk and want to keep them in cages, don't put other kinds of monkeys with them. We have a strong dislike to all other tribes of monkeys, and if they are put with us, we quarrel with them. We regard ourselves as monkey aristocrats, and like to hold ourselves aloof. The museum-man to whom I am telling this, and who is our amanuensis, says we are snobs just like many of the humanfolk. If you don't know what a snob means, you will find all about it in the dictionary.

A Moholi Lemur (*Galago moholi*), otherwise known as a Bush Baby, Night Ape, or Nacht-aapje. We sleep by day and hunt and play by night. From the tip of my nose to the root of my tail I am 7 in. long. My eyes are large and beautiful.

CHAPTER V

THE MOHOLI LEMUR (*Galago moholi*)

HIS ADVENTURES IN CAPTIVITY

YES, I know you fellows call me a Bush Baby. I don't know why, but I suppose it's because I look so meek and have such gentle ways. Naturalist fellows also say I am an innocent little chap, and live on grubs and beetles and soft wild fruits. I object to be called a Bush Baby. It offends my dignity. I am a Moholi lemur, and my aristocratic name is *Galago moholi*. Dutchmen call me a Nacht aapje, which means a "night ape." Well, so I am. I love to roam in the beautiful woods when King Sol, the sun, goes to rest, and all is still and quiet, save the hoot of the owl, the cry of the jackal, the grunting of the wild pigs, and roar of Leo, the mighty king of the forest. I fear them not, except the owl—that great fellow with the feathers sticking up from the crown of his head. They call him the Eagle-owl. Oh! how we fellows hate him. When we are right in the middle of a frolic playing hide-and-seek amongst the leafy branches, he skims silently along, and drops down on one of us with great curved talons outstretched. I lost a sister, a brother, half a score of cousins, aunts, and uncles in this way. Then there is another everlasting horror which haunts us, and that is the wild cat. You call him the Kafir cat. He is the fellow who boasts about his long line of ancestors. He says he can trace his ancestry right back to the time, many thousands of years ago, when the Egyptians were a mighty nation. It seems, those Egyptian fellows worshipped his

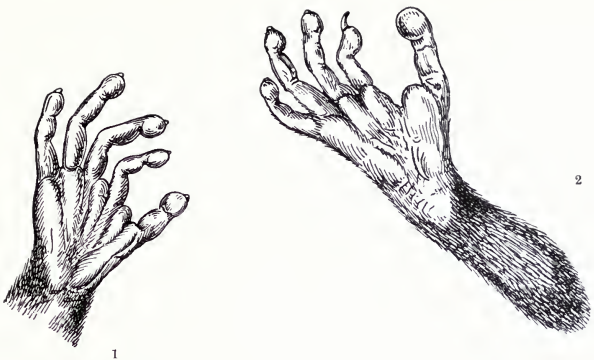
ancestors, and when they died their bodies were carefully cured, wrapped up in scores of yards of fine linen, and laid away in tombs specially carved out of the rocks. They also brag and boast because they happen to be the ancestors of your tame pussy cats, which so many boys treat so cruelly. Oh! you needn't deny it. I have, from my leafy nest on the outskirts of a village, often watched boys skulking along the hedgerows with catapults and air-guns, on the look-out for cats basking in the sun. Yes, and many a time I have seen cruel cowardly boys make their dogs attack and worry poor cats to death.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Well, I suppose, if the owls, the wild cats, and the pythons, didn't make a meal of us now and then, we would get too plentiful, and there would not be enough food for us. You see, when we have plenty of enemies it makes us tactful, careful, resourceful, and in fact develops all our faculties, and makes us prepared to meet almost any emergency. You town fellows do not use a quarter of the natural powers that the great God has given to you. Why, now, how can you expect to be keen, clever, bright, noble, manly, and ready to meet any sudden and unexpected event if you go mooning about smoking cigarettes which poison your brain, nerves, and body, and stunt your growth, and never go out and study nature in the bush, with camera, note-book, and field-glasses? Go out and track the various creatures to their lairs, and take pictures of them, and write about their ways and habits in your note-book.

CAUGHT NAPPING

Somehow, I don't know why, but when the sun gets up, we night apes begin to get dreadfully drowsy, and



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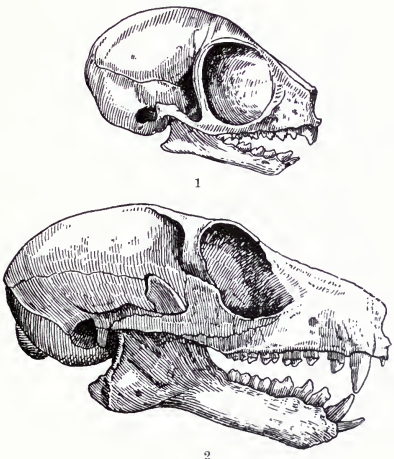
Hand and Foot of a Moholi Lemur or Bush Baby (*Galago moholi*).—(1) Hand; (2) Foot. Note the claw on the second toe. The rest of the toes, as well as the fingers of the hand, have flat nails.



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Skulls of the two typical South African Galago Lemurs.—(1) Moholi Lemur (*Galago moholi*); (2) Garnett's Lemur (*Galago garnetti*). The skulls are natural size.

our strength seems to go from us, so we hurry off to our nests in the hollow trunks of trees, or old birds' nests. One day I was fast asleep in a cosy bird's nest, when with a gasp I awoke and found myself tightly gripped. Before I could think or see my foe, I was rudely thrust into a dark hole. I lay trembling for what seemed an age, for I felt myself being carried away. Presently the mouth of the hole I was in opened, and once again I was rudely grabbed, and almost instantly thrown into what you fellows call a cage. Then I realised what had happened. A boy had captured me. His sisters and a big bearded man and a lady came and stared at me and made remarks.

IN THE MUSEUM

Well, anyway, one day the lady said she was going on a visit to that beautiful, dustless, and healthful town called Port Elizabeth, and thought she would take me with her. After a miserable journey cramped up in a tiny cage, we arrived. I was petted and fondled by the boys and girls and allowed to jump about wherever I pleased in the house, but they took good care not to let me go outside. You see there isn't a creature on earth to beat us Bush Babies for jumping. Why, we can hop and skip all over a room full of vases and things and never break anything. One day I hopped on to a sort of little brass button on the wall. I sat on it and it turned round. Then I smelt a nasty smell, grew giddy and fainted. When I awoke I heard a lot of people talking in a very excited way. It seems the thing I sat on was what you call a button which turned on the gas.

Well, I was sentenced to be handed over to the man at the museum. He put me into a beautiful cage with glass sides, made a cosy nest for me, fed me on cakes, sweets, milk, and meat. People kept coming in all day and stared

at me. I hate to be stared at, so I hatched out a plan of escape. I lay coiled up and shammed death. The man who feeds me came along, opened the door and prodded me. I gave no sign of life. He thrust his finger into my ribs, and with a sudden grab I bit him. He gave a yell, and before he could recover from his surprise, I just hopped on to his shoulder and away. They tried to follow me, but they might as well have tried to catch a streak of lightning.

PLOTS AND COUNTER PLOT

I found a secure hiding-place and chuckled, while I watched those clumsy fellows searching all over the museum. They spent hours looking for me. One of them waited late, thinking I would come out. No fear, for I spotted him, and lay low. I had a high old time for two or three nights. I ate up the food they left for me, and squeezed into the doves' cage. I pounced upon a lovely white dove, killed and ate the tenderest parts of it. Next morning I watched from my spy-hole. When the museum-man discovered the murder, he was angry, and I knew by the glint in his eyes he was hatching out a plot. When it grew dark I ventured out, determined not to be caught napping. I felt hungry and thirsty, and seeing some nice tempting food and drink laid out, I supposed for me, I hopped up to it. My foot touched something which stuck. I tried to leap away, but some horrible beastly stuff you fellows call bird lime, spread on a piece of string, stuck to my nice soft fur, which I am so proud of. I tumbled and rolled and struggled, and at last I managed to get free. I sprang up on to the skull of the Sperm whale, and, sitting on a tusk, I pondered. It was clear I couldn't again attempt to go near that food. Yes, I have it. I will dine off another dove. It struggled so desperately I had to let it go. I managed

The Spotted Eagle-Owl, who is as big as a fowl. He skims along over the trees and pounces down upon us poor little Bush-baby folk and eats us for his supper.

I am a Garnett's Lemur (*Galago garnetti*). I am quite a big fellow for a Galago Lemur. I am 14 inches from the tip of my nose to the root of my tail. I came from the forests of Natal, and am at present living at the Port Elizabeth Museum.

to capture several of them, but they were strong and got away. Just when I had managed to overcome one, and was selecting a nice juicy part, there was a terrific glare of light. I was dazed and blinded.

CAPTURED BY A SCOUT

Before I could recover and escape, a boy scout, a lady, and that museum man rushed up and cut off my retreat. I tried to shrivel up into as small a space as I could in the darkest corner, but that scout spotted me instantly. He slipped into the cage and chased me around. When I tried to get through the wire the other folk were there ready to capture me. I sprang about until I was exhausted, and at last a heavy hand closed around me.

Once again I am in captivity. I am not much to look at. I have big innocent eyes, long tail, small hands and arms, strong hind limbs, and I am covered with fur. Yes, I am a baby of the woods. The museum man calls me a cold-blooded murderer, and threatens to chloroform me and have me stuffed. If he gives me nice dainty food I will stuff myself without him having to bother with the chloroform.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF GALAGOS

There are six different kinds of Galago lemurs in South Africa south of the Zambesi and Cunene Rivers. We all live in the dense forests, sleep by day, and hunt and play by night. That is why you people say we are nocturnal.

The principal home of our tribe of lemurs is in Madagascar. The handsome aristocrats of our race live there. We lemurs are relatives of the monkey tribe. Men of science say we are a lower race than monkeys, and that we haven't got as much intelligence as they have. They

say that monkeys have evolved from lemurs and that we are only the degenerate survivors of a very ancient race. Anyhow, our pre-historic ancestors, or many of them, were of great size. We are mere pigmies in comparison. The two Galago lemurs who are known best in South Africa are my cousin, Garnett's Galago (*Galago garnetti*) and the clan to which I belong. I am one of the Moholi lemurs (*Galago moholi*) who live in the forests of the Transvaal, Rhodesia, and a good way farther north, We never come down south. My cousin lives mostly in the forests of Natal and Zululand. He is twice as big as I am. From the tip of his nose to the base of his tail he is fourteen inches, whereas we only measure about seven inches. Now and then our children are born pure white, instead of mouse colour, which is our normal colour. This does not often occur.

I remember the natives in Mashonaland who lived near a certain forest used to be terribly afraid, and wouldn't for anything go through the forest at night. One of us happened to be snowy white, and I suppose he looked to them like a ghost as he flitted silently from branch to branch. We were rather glad, because the natives used to sometimes kill and eat us.

GALAGO LEMURS

Although we are called Galagos we are really lemurs. That is, we belong to the lemur family. You see, those scientific humanfolk when they start studying other kinds of folk, separate them according to their kind. For instance, there are over fifty different kinds of lemurs, including us Galagos, of course. Your wise men find out the different kinds and give each a name. Then they carefully examine all the different kinds, and those which are very much alike in the arrangement of their teeth, their toes, and some

The Ring-tailed Lemur of Madagascar, who is an aristocrat of the Lemur tribe. (After Brehm.)

From "The Royal Natural History": Warne & Co., Ltd.

Desmond FitzSimons and his baby baboon friend, who is a lonely little orphan. His mother was killed by the humanfolk.

Photo by Ravenscroft

A scene on the Zambesi River below the Victoria Falls. The home of the Galago Lemur or Bush Baby.

other parts of their bodies they put together, and say they belong to a genus. Well, we Galagos happen to be a bit different from all other kinds of lemurfolk, so those naturalist fellows class us all together and say we belong to the Galago genus. We Galagos are the only kind of lemurs which inhabit Africa. You can always recognise us by our large leaf-like ears, which are quite bare, and which can be partially folded down. We have learned to fold our ears down in this way to protect them from the dew-laden foliage of the great African forests, and to prevent the water trickling into our ears, which is both unpleasant and annoying. Our ancestors long ages ago were big folk. They were more than four times the size that we are, but they hadn't as good brains. You see, in those far-distant days, the animalfolk of the earth grew huge bodies, but they had very small brains, and of course they, in consequence, hadn't much sense; so their enemies killed them off, and now they are all extinct. You see, it doesn't matter how big and strong your body may be; if your brains are small and of poor quality, you are not of much account.

I think I have now told you all that is interesting about our folk. If you want to find out about the different kinds of lemurs which live in Madagascar and elsewhere, you have only to look up one of the illustrated natural history books, such as the *Royal Natural History*, by that clever man, Richard Lydekker.

GLOSSARY

KAFIR DOGS.—A mongrel variety of domestic dog, usually seen at Kafir kraals. They include cross-breeds of all kinds. Some are large and strong, and make good hunting dogs.

SPRES.—A bird of the starling family. Several species are termed spreos by colonists. The two commonest kinds are the Red-winged starling (*Amydrus morio*) and the Pied starling (*Spreo bicolor*).

MUISVOGEL.—This is a Dutch word which means "mouse bird," because of its mouse colour and mouse-like manner of running along branches. These birds are colies. There are seven species. The commonest are the Speckled coly (*Colius striatus*), Natal speckled coly (*Colius striatus minor*), Cape coly (*Colius capensis*), Red-faced coly (*Colius erythromelon*).

BULBUL.—The bulbuls are fruit-eating birds of the Pycnonotus genus. There are four species. There are also eleven other species of bulbuls which belong to the Phyllostrophus genus.

CALABASH.—The fruit of a species of melon. When mature, it is allowed to dry. The rind or skin becomes as hard as wood, and is impervious to water. A hole is cut in it, and the seeds and other dried matter removed. The shell or rind is then converted into a vessel for holding liquids. Others, of an elongated shape, are cut longitudinally and converted into ladles. These calabash vessels are largely used by the Zulus.

BACK-VELD.—The more or less level lands or plains of South Africa far away from the centres of civilisation.

VELD.—The plains of South Africa.

BUSH-VELD.—The plains of South Africa more or less covered with trees and shrubs.

BUSHMEN.—A small race of yellowish-brown men, known to the Dutch as Bosjesmannen. They are supposed to be the descendants of the original inhabitants of South Africa. How many thousands of years their race has inhabited South Africa no man knows. Average size of men, 4 feet 6 inches; women, 4 feet.

HOTTENTOTS.—A yellow race of men, larger than the Bushmen, who also have inhabited South Africa away back into pre-historic times. It is thought by some that they and the Bushmen are closely related, viz. that the Bushmen are an offshoot from them, or they from the Bushmen.

PRICKLY PEAR.—A thorny, fleshy plant, of the Cactus family. Introduced originally into South Africa from Mexico. It has flourished so well that it is now a great pest in the country. Its fruit is eaten largely by Hottentots, other natives, and baboons. The seed passes through the alimentary canal unchanged. In this way the seeds are sown broadcast over the land.

CHEETAH.—A carnivorous animal, known as the Hunting Leopard. It inhabits Africa from the Cape to the Mediterranean, and extends to India, where it is captured and trained to hunt antelopes. It is supposed to be the fleetest of all animals, but cannot keep up the pace. It makes a swift rush, and if unsuccessful in overtaking its intended victim, it gives up the chase.

KRANTZ.—A precipice. South Africa abounds in krantzes or precipices. They are the homes of the baboons. The caves in them were formerly inhabited by the ancient Bushmen.

KLIPDASSIE.—Otherwise known as a Rock-rabbit (*Procavia capensis*). These animals are the size of an ordinary rabbit, but are tailless. They inhabit the stony hills and krantzes, concealing themselves in the crevices of the rocks. They are related to the rhinoceros.

VROUW.—The wife of a Dutchman.

ROER.—The Boer name for a gun. Mostly applied to the old muzzle-loading guns, such as flintlocks and Brown Besses.

LOOPERS.—The largest kind of shot (round leaden pellets).

SLUGS.—Lead cut up into small cubes or squares, and used instead of shot or bullets.

TOUW.—The thong, usually of softened raw oxhide, which is held in the hand by the leader of a team of oxen.

MEALIES.—Indian corn or maize. Grown largely all over South Africa. The staple diet of the native population.

VOERLOOPER.—A leader of a team of oxen. In South Africa, the wagons are usually pulled by a team of from twelve to eighteen oxen, led by a man or boy—usually a boy.

STOEP.—The pavement in front of the door of a private house—usually a verandah.

VOERTZIK.—A corruption of Voortzegik, which means "Out I say," "Clear out," "Get out."

Assegai.—A spear used by the natives of South Africa.

Mimosa.—A species of acacia bush common all over South Africa. It is very thorny. The thorns are long, sharp, and straight. There are several species.

Knobkerrie.—A stick with a large round head, used by the natives of South Africa as a weapon. Knobkerries are usually carved from hard wood.

Kloof.—A valley with more or less precipitous, rocky sides. A gorge. These kloofs or valleys are usually thickly bush-clad.

Karoo.—The large stretches of more or less level land in Cape Colony, covered with a scanty vegetation of a very stunted kind, other than grass. The Karoo is very dry, there being a scanty rainfall. The vegetation of the Karoo is very suitable for stock, including ostriches.

Pans.—More or less shallow sheets of water, formed during the rainy season on the veld. These Pans have no outlet, and no source. During times of drought they dry up.

Spruit.—A small river or rivulet.

Kop.—This is a Dutch word meaning "head." It is applied to more or less cone-shaped hills. These kops invariably have a large outcrop of weathered rocks at the top.

Kopje.—A small kop or head, surmounted by weathered rocks. These small hills or kopjes are studded over the country.

Spider.—A lightly built four-wheeled carriage, largely used by farmers. Although light, it is very strongly built and will stand rough usage. The wheels are large.

Vley.—A valley: a marshy place: a low place where water stands temporarily.

SYSTEMATIC LIST of the Monkeys and Galagos of South Africa, as far north as the Zambesi and Cunene Rivers

Order Primates. Sub-order Anthropoidea.

Family Cercopithecidae.

Genus—*Cercopithecus*. Arboreal, Guenon monkeys. Tail not prehensile.

1. Cercopithecus labiatus.
2. „ samango.
3. „ albigularis.
4. „ beirensis.
5. „ pygerythrus.
6. „ rufoviridis.

Genus *Papio*. Rock-climbing baboons. Tail not prehensile.

1. Papio porcarius.
2. „ cynocephalus.

Sub-order Lemuroidea.

Family Lemuridae. Genus *Galago*. Galago lemurs.

1. Galago crassicaudatus.
2. „ garnetti.
3. „ moholi.
4. „ granti.
5. „ mossambicus.
6. „ zuluensis.

Description of the Monkeyfolk.

The Chacma baboon (*Papio porcarius*). Known to the Dutch as Bavian. The Hottentots call it T'chatikamma, which gave rise to the name of Chacma. Known to the Zulus and Swazis as Imfena, and to the Basutos as Tshweni.

Description.—Uniform dark brown, with a slight dull yellowish glow, which is more pronounced upon the forehead. Hair black on the upper parts of the hands and feet. Naked skin of the face nearly black, with the exception of the upper eyelids, which are flesh-coloured. Tail about half the length of the body and head. From the base of the tail, for one-third its length, it is carried at an angle upwards, the other two-thirds hanging downwards. Muzzle long and dog-shaped. Adult males are more powerful, and possess larger canine teeth than the females. They are also more shaggy about the neck and shoulders. Callosities on the male, dark sienna red. Flesh-coloured on the female.

Measurements.—Full-grown male. Head and body, 3 ft. to 3 ft. 6 in. Tail, 17 to 18 in. Hair at end of tail, 2 in. long. From the opening of the ear to the tip of the nose, 8 in.

Distribution.—Inhabits the rocky country all over South Africa, as far as the Zambesi River.

The Yellow Baboon (*Papio cynocephalus*).

Description.—Brownish yellow, each hair having broad yellow and narrower black rings. The sides are darker than the back, and underparts lighter. The tufts of hair on the jaws are saffron yellow. Hands and feet black.

Measurements.—Adult male, 3 ft. to 3 ft. 6 in., from tip of nose to root of tail. Female, 3 ft. Body and legs more slender than the Chacma baboon.

Distribution.—The yellow baboon inhabits the rocky country from the region of the Zambesi north to Abyssinia and Nubia.

The Vervet (*Cercopithecus pygerythrus*).

This is the common blue ape of South Africa. Naturalists are familiar with it under its old name of *C. lalandii*. The Dutch know it as the Blaauw-aapje; the Zulus term it Incau; the Swazis, Ingobiyana, and the Basutos, Inkalatshana.

Description.—General colour above grizzled yellowish-grey and black, each hair being annulated with sub-equal bands of these two colours; outsides of the limbs and greater part of the tail like the back, the latter a little darker; narrow band across the forehead; cheeks, chin, underparts, and insides of fore and hind limbs white, tinged with yellow; hands and feet black; skin of face black, with a few black hairs separating it from the surrounding white; hair round the root of the tail and anus brick-red; skin callosities yellowish, skin of scrotum green or blue. (Sclater.)

Measurements.—From nose to root of tail, 25 to 26 in. Tail, 24 to 25 in. Skull, 4 in. full length. Hind-foot, 4¾ in.

Distribution.—South Africa and up the East Coast to Mombasa.

The Samango (*Cercopithecus samango*).

Known to the Zulus and Amaxosa as Insamango.

Description.—Above, dark, grizzled, each hair ringed black and yellow, the black rings being the longest; darkest on the head, and gradually lightening towards the tail. Below, chin, throat, abdomen, and inside of hind legs dirty white; fore limbs and hands black, outside of hind limbs greyish-black, feet black, no rufous patch at the sides of the anus; tail gradually darkening, the distal two-thirds being quite black. Skin of face, inside of ears, of feet, anal callosities, and nails black. (Sclater.)

Measurements.—From tip of nose to root of tail, 2 ft. to 2 ft. 3 in. Tail, 30 to 31 in. Length of hind foot, 5 in.

Distribution.—Eastern parts of Cape Colony up the coast as far as Angola, in the deep, secluded, gloomy, forest-clad gorges.

Note.—It is unnecessary in such a volume as this to give detailed descriptions of the less known South African species of tree-climbing monkeys.

The Lemur Family.

Garnett's Lemur (*Galago garnetti*).

Known in Natal and Zululand as the Bush Baby.

Description.—General colour yellowish grey, the hair soft and thick, and the bases slaty, while a number of longer hairs with black shining tips are scattered all over the body, especially on the back. A faintly marked white stripe from between the eyes to the nose. Ears naked and black. Hands and feet nearly black. Tail long and bushy, and same colour as the back. Length of head and body, 14 in. Tail with terminal hairs, 11 in. (Sclater.)

Distribution.—Natal and Zululand. Possibly somewhat farther north, coastwards.

The Moholi Lemur (*Galago moholi*).

Known as the Nacht aapje by the Dutch; night ape or Bush Baby by British colonists, and by Basutos as Ngwanangwaila.

Description.—General colour greyish brown, the basal part of the fur dark slaty and the tips yellowish grey. Fur very fine and soft. White stripe along the nose separating two black rings round the eyes. Chin and throat white. Underparts washed with yellow in the male, paler in the female. Hair on feet pale. Tail, 8 in. long, with long sparse brown hairs. Length of body and head, 7 in. (Sclater.)

Distribution.—From the Transvaal northwards throughout the forest country to Mozambique and Angola.

Main Differences in the Two Species.

Garnett's Lemur.—Twice as large as the Moholi lemur. Tail bushy throughout. Snout elongated.

Moholi Lemur.—Half the size of the former. Snout very short. Tail scantily covered with hair, more bushy towards the tip.

The above are the two typical lemurs of South Africa. It is unnecessary in this volume to give a detailed description of the others.

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